CHRISTMAS, 1962
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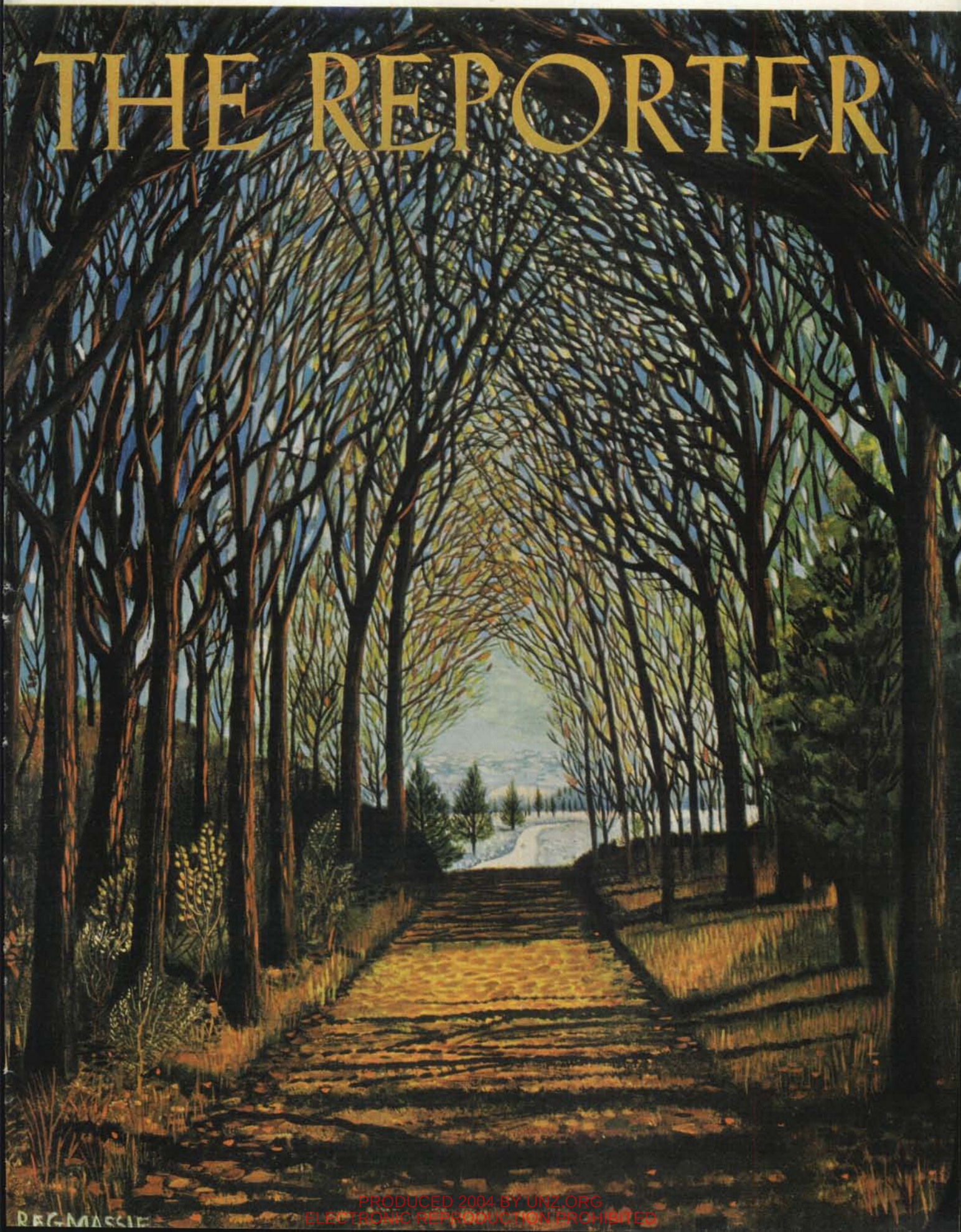
THE REPORTER



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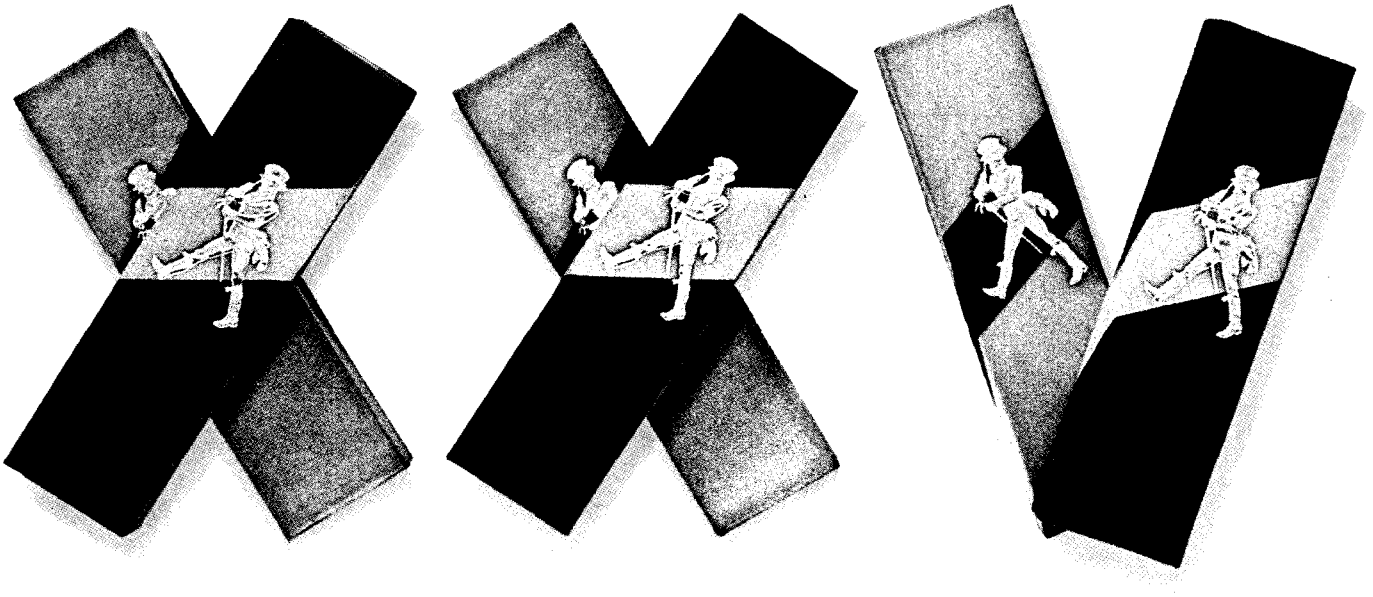

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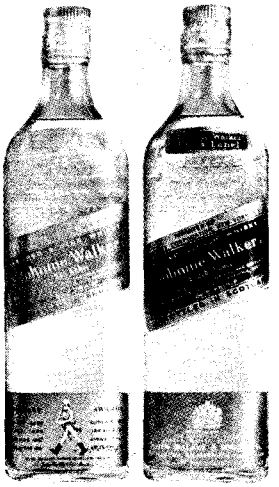

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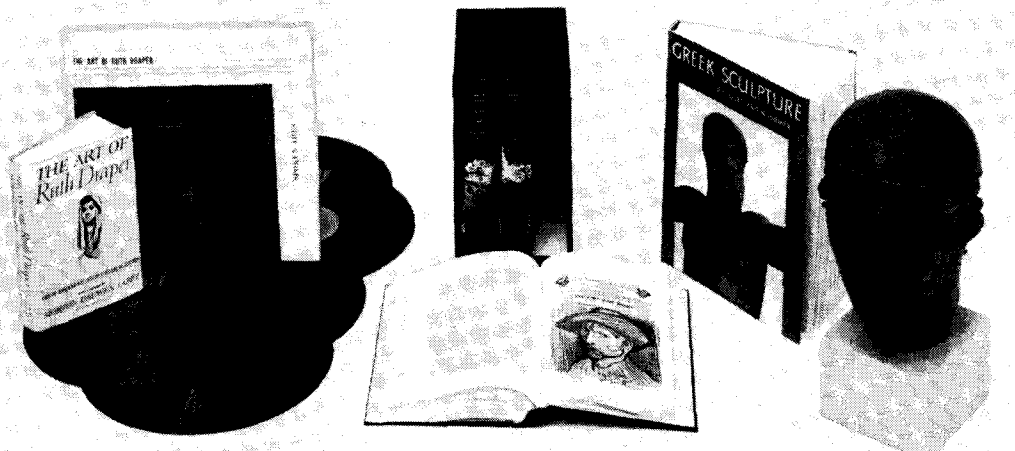

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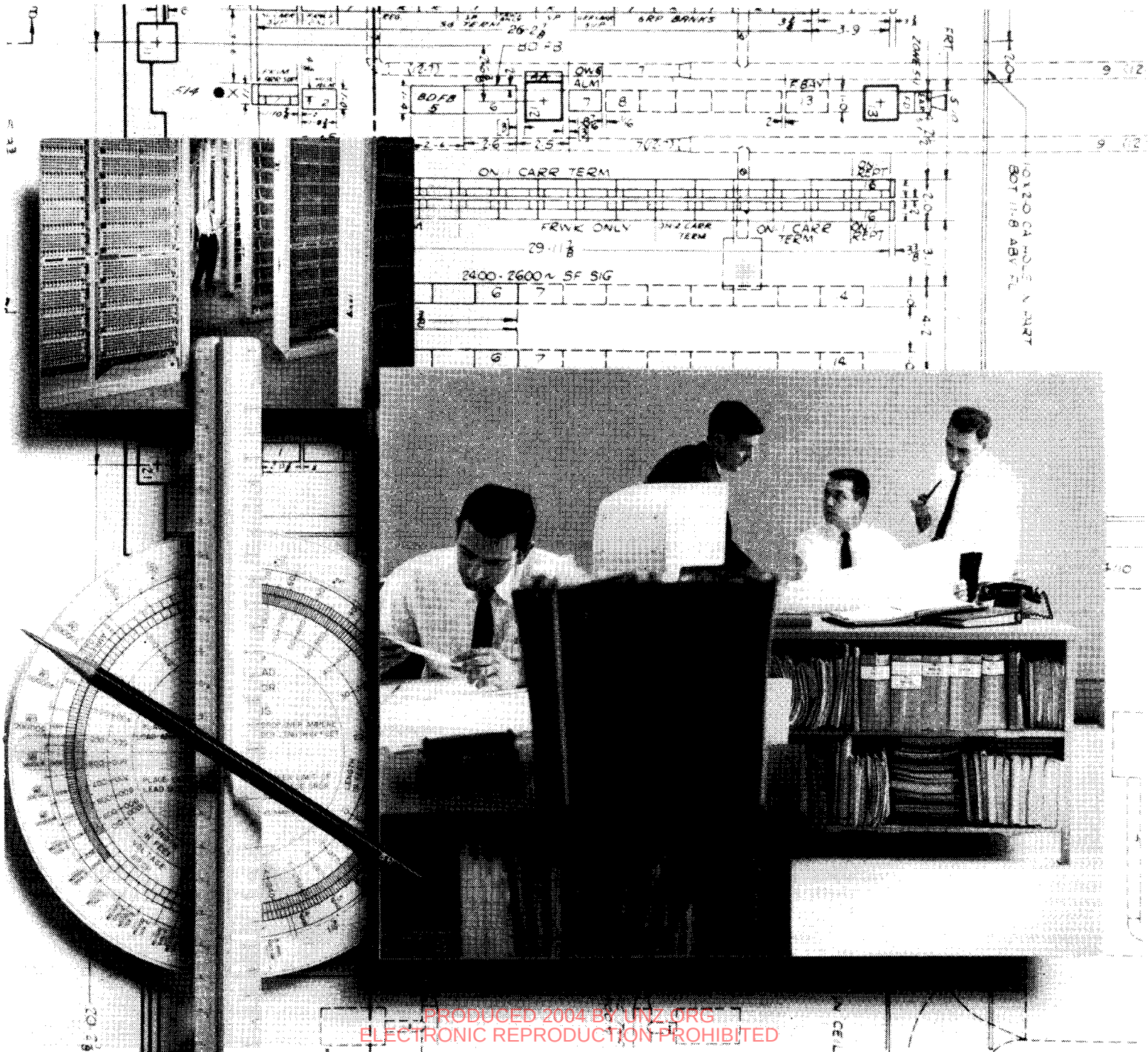

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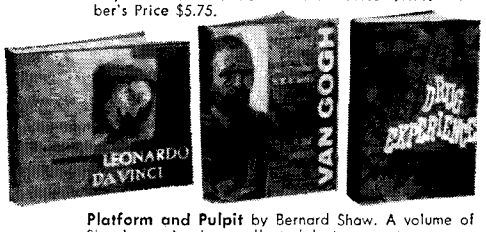

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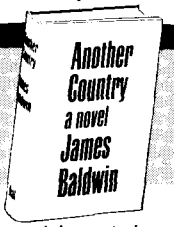

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WHAT IMAGES have the Russians formed of us from their translations and critiques of our books? Who decides whether it will be Hemingway or O. Henry? And how do changing Party lines color their reactions? The answers, together with rare Russian publishing statistics in this chronological survey of Soviet critical opinion make eye-opening reading.

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

IN WRITING, as he has done several times in past years, a Christmas editorial, **Max Ascoli** could not help looking once more at that spot so near our shores from which our country and the whole world have so recently been threatened. These days our country is reliving that Cuban business. We are still having "revelation" after "revelation" on the discussions that occurred in the highest circles of government before the President took the decision he announced on October 22. It takes time to digest that kind of thing. The process of rumination and belching must and will go on for quite a while. We warn our leaders that we ourselves will not be immune to it.

But is the Cuban affair really over? This is the question raised by **Luis Aguilar León.** The question concerns us deeply. We in this magazine have never been inclined to lose sight of the peoples involved—or maybe trapped—in the great international controversies. Whenever there was a crisis in Formosa, we kept asking, What about the Formosans? We now have a Cuban asking in our pages, What about the Cubans? Is it enough to have gone back to the status quo? We believe there are a number of things our government can do to help the Cubans regain their freedom—an embargo on the importation of oil, for instance. But about all this we shall have more to say. Before his departure from Cuba in June, 1960, Professor Aguilar León had been associated with the National Institute of Culture. He had opposed the Batista régime and had written articles to that effect. He is now teaching Latin-American history at Georgetown University.

Jane Krieger Rosen went down to Ole Miss to see for herself how James Meredith is getting along. Mrs. Rosen, who was for many years a staff writer with the New York *Times*, is now free-lancing. . . . There is much talk these days about the troubles that beset Khrushchev. As **Madeleine G. Kalb** reports, big changes are taking place in the economic structure of the Soviet Union—and things are not getting any better. Mrs. Kalb, who writes from London, has been living in the Soviet Union for the past two and a half years. . . . **Ward S. Just** discusses the new problems of the GOP, which, having established a foothold in the South and therefore begun to emerge as a national party, is finding itself subject to the pains that go along with that status. . . . **Claire Sterling** reports from London on the extraordinary phenomenon of the British Labour Party. The party—and particularly its leader, Hugh Gaitskell—appears to be coming out for a sort of British isolationism which makes it more conservative in the truest sense than the Tories. . . . **Edmond Taylor** writes about President de Gaulle's victory in the recent elections, a victory whose extent had not been foreseen by anybody—ourselves included. But, as Mr. Taylor says, we did not count on the co-operation that was given to de Gaulle by his opponents, who managed to go against the grain of the French people. Great as de Gaulle's victory is, however, we must not lose sight of the fact that the Popular Front has somehow been re-established in France as a political entity. . . . **Laurence Stern,** of the Washington *Post*, writes about the non-self-governing city of Washington.

NEVER has a concert hall been constructed with more attention to acoustics than the newly unveiled Philharmonic Hall in New York's Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts. **Roland Gelatt,** editor of *High Fidelity*, discusses the theories upon which the hall was planned and the first public demonstration of those theories. Mr. Gelatt's article is accompanied by a page of drawings by **Joseph Papin.** . . . **Howard Nemerov** teaches at Hollins College, Virginia. . . . **Sarel Eimerl,** an English free-lance writer now living in New York, once had lunch at the Garrick Club. . . . **Frances Frenaye** is a translator of Italian books.

Our Christmas cover is by our art director, **Reg Massie.**

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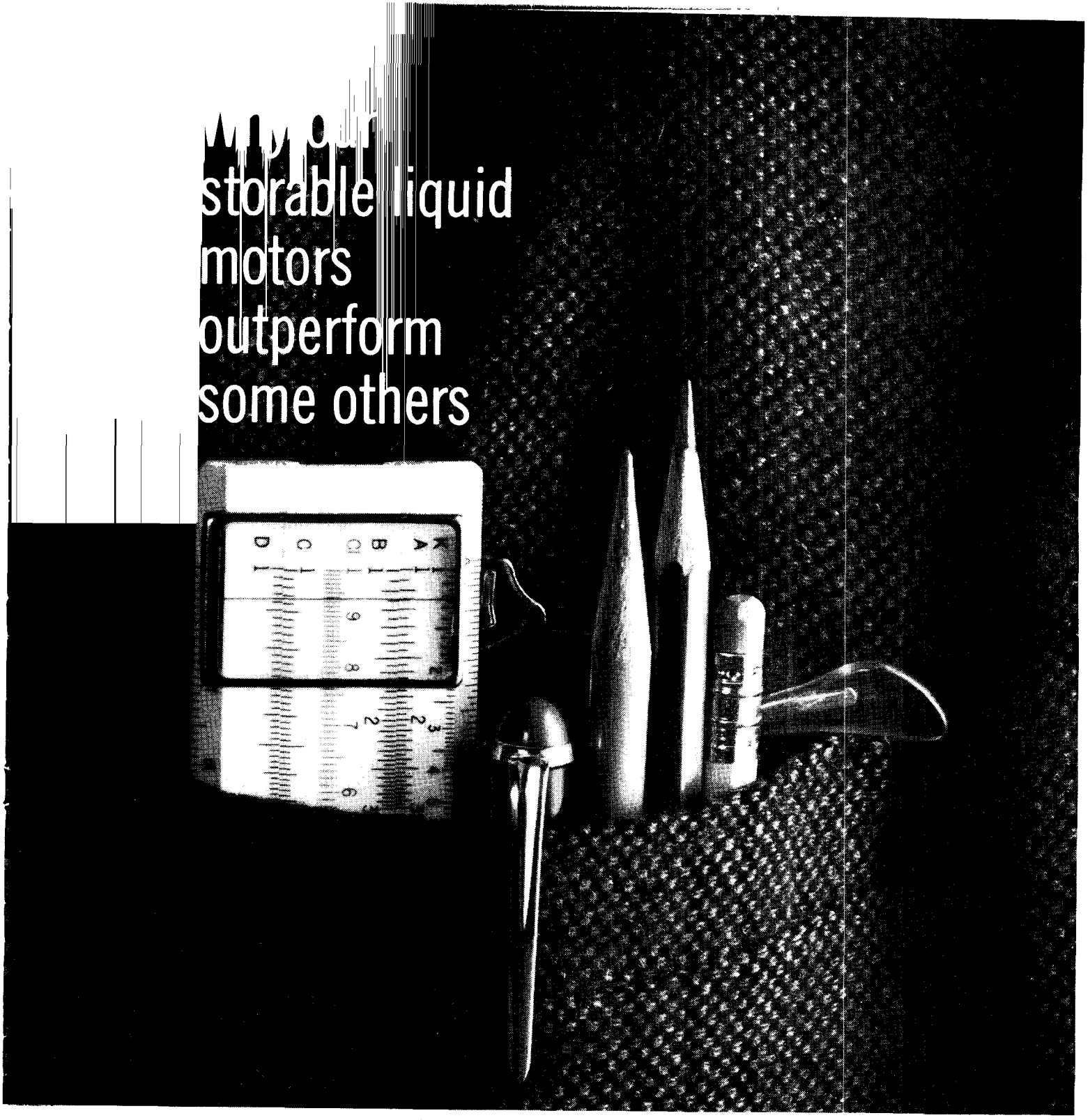

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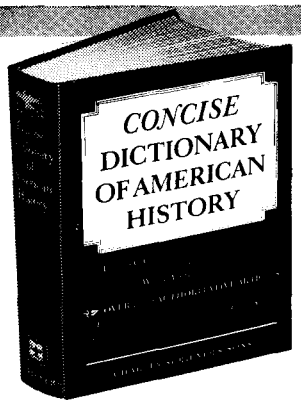

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CORRESPONDENCE

NIXON

To the Editor: I consider your editorial of November 22 a classic. The fairness and frankness with which you handled the topic of "The Elections" is certainly unusual and very gratifying.

I was especially impressed by your frankness in expressing your feelings about Richard Nixon, and in spite of those, your compassion for him.

ALICE M. GRAHAM
Grand Rapids, Michigan

To the Editor: I have just read your hate-ridden editorial about Richard Nixon. Richard Nixon is a valuable public servant but we cannot have the benefit of his services because the Communists don't approve of him. His attack on the press was completely justified, and I only regret that his execution of that attack was not well organized and thought out. We are all disappointed in the press. The fact that it lacks integrity and that reporters are not reporters but press agents is widely accepted.

SUSAN BROTE
Covington, Louisiana

To the Editor: I found your description of Mr. Nixon as a man "never quite at ease with the power that was his—or nearly his" extremely perceptive, and I agree that the explanation may lie in an unfortunate sort of class-consciousness. But I do not agree that the poverty of Mr. Nixon's youth was of "the best log-cabin tradition." His early years, I submit, were spent on that anxious fringe of struggling self-esteem which used to be called the lower middle class. It's much easier to face poverty with frankness than with pretensions, but in an age when only millionaires aspire to the Presidency, the "log-cabin tradition" is all but nonexistent in American politics.

JOHN GARRICK
Cleveland

CUBA

To the Editor: I read Henry A. Kissinger's "Reflections on Cuba" and Max Frankel's "Where Do We Go from Victory?" (*The Reporter,* November 22) with great interest. In my judgment both have masterfully analyzed our present predicaments, and have made valuable suggestions concerning our future moves. Their ideas and suggestions should be required reading in Washington.

IRVING HABERMAN
Sacramento, California

To the Editor: One thing Mr. Kissinger explained insufficiently for me. He writes, "The Soviet leaders did not dare invoke the threat of nuclear war against our blockade. If we believed the threat, even a nation like ours might feel compelled to strike pre-emptively." If even a nation like ours might feel that way, what might a nation like the Soviet Union feel? Might it strike pre-emptively before we strike pre-emptively? Unless this is all built on miscalculation—namely, Mr. McNamara's, Mr. Kissinger's, and mine—is the time for us to strike pre-emptively growing short?

I have seen it written since the Cuban crisis began that we should thank God for Mr. Kennedy's action. Maybe instead we should thank God for the opportunity to prevent the next nuclear confrontation rather than just for surviving the last one.

JOHN A. SULLIVAN
Lincoln, Massachusetts

To the Editor: May I congratulate you for publishing in your November 22 issue two excellent articles on the Cuban crisis, one by Henry A. Kissinger and the other by Max Frankel. Each had a full measure of common sense. Let us hope that our Washington leaders give careful attention to their contents.

I should like to suggest that Dr. Kissinger would have been more exact if he had written that "in Suez we *acted concurrently* with the Soviets to humiliate our closest allies" instead of stating that ". . . we collaborated with the Soviets . . ."

ERNEST T. CLOUGH
Boston

GARCIA LORCA

To the Editor: What a wonderful treat you gave your readers with that fine article "'Very Little to See,'" by Halsey Melone (*The Reporter,* November 8). Such vivid writing! I was there, right along with him, and saw it all, including the people. It's the best portrait of Spain I've read yet. Also, the way he ended the article with that little bit of mystery was very intriguing. Do let us hear, or read rather, more of Mr. Melone's work.

VERA M. CONRAD
Harrisonburg, Virginia

To the Editor: I am surprised that you would publish such an uninformed article as "'Very Little to See.'" Concerning Federico García Lorca's burial place near Viznar, Melone says only that "the story has the credibility of fairly common acceptance," ignoring the long and detailed account of García Lorca's death and burial published by Gerald Brenan some years ago in his book, *The Face of Spain,* which has had wide circulation in this country. Brenan has been familiar with Granada since 1920, and describes carefully his investigations there which led him to García Lorca's burial place near Viznar. I would not be surprised if

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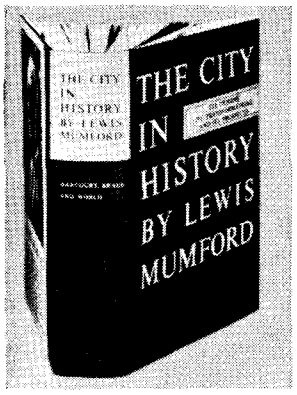

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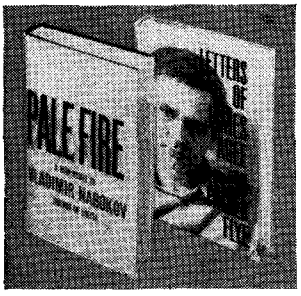

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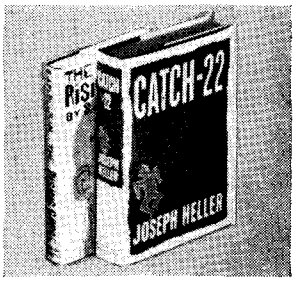

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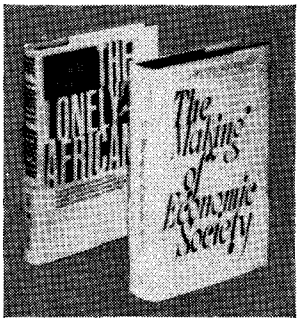

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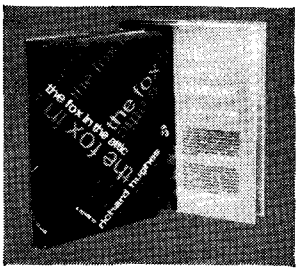

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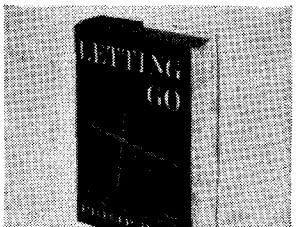

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Brenan's account, first published in England, has now filtered back to Granada and is the source of the "common acceptance" there which Mr. Melone encountered.

WILLIAM G. RHOADS
Williamstown, Massachusetts

COCKTAILS IN AFRICA

To the Editor: I enjoyed reading "The Foreseeable Future" (*The Reporter*, November 22). I was in the room—so to speak—when the sister invited the couple; I was at the party at the home of the well-intentioned officer; I saw the African guests. This is a most interesting human story. It is realistic, factual, and humorous. I have given it to some of my friends to read. They too have enjoyed reading it, and we are all Negroes.

JARDINE J. FIEULLETEAU
New York

KANSAS CASSANDRA

To the Editor: Because I accept the statement of your Christmas advertisement that *The Reporter* "arrives full of important, authoritative information," I feel I must send you one bit of unimportant, authoritative (based on a quick look in a high-school American history text) information. It was not, as you suggest in the "Who, What, Why" column of November 22, "Pitchfork Ben" Tillman who first suggested that "Farmers should raise less corn and more hell." It was another Populist orator, an Irishwoman, who in many ways might be regarded as a spiritual ancestor of *The Reporter*. She was Mrs. Mary Ellen Lease, known variously as "the Kansas Pythoness" or "the Kansas Cassandra."

JIM JOHNSON
New York

NEAR-INTEGRATED ARMY

To the Editor: I have found that Americans in uniform have their worries with Americans. Robert E. Schweitz's "Our Integrated Army" (*The Reporter*, November 22) stimulated me.

This year I received a pathetic letter from an officer of an atomic artillery battalion. The letter was well written; the pathos lay in the subject of the letter. The group was moving to a fort in Maryland already crowded with units. The officer wondered how they would fare on housing for their families. Some of the men were non-Caucasian, as the word goes. The command was trying to decide whether to transfer those men out of the unit they had trained with or to ask them to seek housing in the land they were defending, with the odds that vacant apartments and houses would not be rented to them. Explain all you want—the dishonor remains.

Veterans Day comes more than one day a year. How do we salute our living guards?

GROVER C. RIEGER
Bethesda, Maryland

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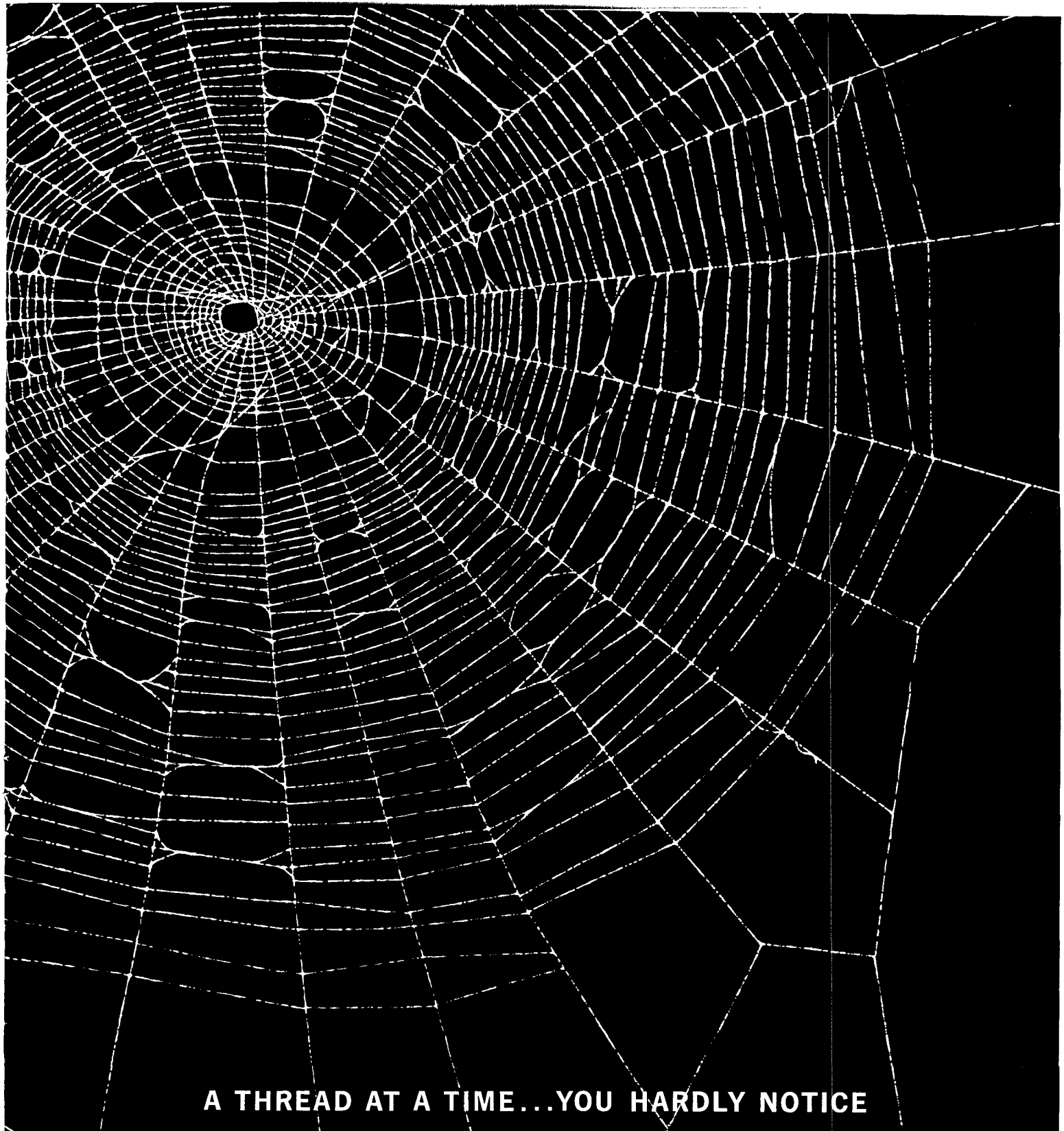

A THREAD AT A TIME...YOU HARDLY NOTICE

For 30 years the advocates of government-in-business have spun their threads out one by one. While we hardly took notice, they pushed the federal government into thousands of business ventures, from sawmills to bakeries. In the field of electric power, 5½ billion dollars are now invested in federally owned plants and lines.

The expansion of government-in-business is clearly a dangerous course. When government owns business it gains political and economic power—the means to control goods and jobs. With power thus concentrated it can become difficult for citizens to preserve their freedoms.

A thread at a time you hardly notice. But the danger is persistent, and loss of freedom lies in the spun-out web.

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Bartlett's Quotations

We have Soviet Ambassador Dobrynin to thank for the remark that in Washington the diplomats talk like reporters and the reporters talk like diplomats. It is not surprising that such an idea should come to the Russian ambassador, for many of our reporter-diplomats seem to conform to the Soviet pattern: people equally interested in the formulation of policy and in secret intelligence. Typical is the flap over the article by Stewart Alsop and Charles Bartlett in the *Saturday Evening Post* purporting to describe Adlai Stevenson's role in the Cuban crisis.

The reporter-diplomats immediately began to speculate like so many Kremlinologists. Bartlett, they reasoned, is a close friend of the President: ergo, the article, if not done with the President's co-operation, must at least have had his sanction. Was J.F.K. trying to "get" Adlai by authorizing the suggestion that he was "soft"? Was it all an elaborate play to make room for Dean Rusk at the U.N. so that he could be succeeded by Bobby Kennedy or Bundy? Perhaps it was Dean Acheson, supporters of Stevenson suggested, who gave the two reporters the key quotation: "Adlai wanted a Munich. He wanted to trade the Turkish, Italian and British missile bases for the Cuban bases."

The "nonadmiring official" who made these remarks was not named but it seemed to many Washington observers that before a reporter used the word "Munich" a body of evidence must have been accumulated. If Bartlett and Alsop have any such evidence, they have not produced it.

There was a great deal of discussion, as the pundits pieced the story together, about how often Bartlett was seen with Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy just before the article appeared. Not nearly so much attention was paid to the matter of what Stevenson was actually doing or not doing during the crucial period of crisis. It is reliably reported that Stevenson was informed of the missile bases on Tuesday, November 13, along with all the members of the now-famous executive committee of the National Security Council. At that time, he gave the President his personal judgment of what to do. He was not called in again until Friday afternoon (not Saturday as Alsop and Bartlett wrote). By that time, the consensus for blockade had been reached. Stevenson's role in reaching the consensus was apparently not a major one. Why not? One reason seems to be that his area of responsibility ("his constituency" as one official put it), the U.N., was not considered among the important factors involved until late in the week the decision was reached. When action at the U.N. acquired greater relevance as a topic of discussion, Stevenson was brought in. His job was to "interpret his constituency," in the words of the same official. By Friday, Ambassador Stevenson seemed to be in the mainstream of the "rolling consensus" Alsop and Bartlett describe. There was no question of his support of the consensus.

We still don't know for sure what Stevenson's private opinions may have been, and furthermore in a body of such importance taking up a matter of such magnitude, it is inevitable that the opinions of some if not all of its members would shift during the debate. Bartlett and Alsop admit as much.

It seems legitimate to ask what the public has gained from the whole affair. Do we have a better knowledge of how the process of decision-making went and of the roles played by the various participants? Among all these participants no one has been so much in the public eye as Adlai Stevenson. And he is still very much in the public eye. When an eminent man is so much talked about and the retention of his job becomes the object of so much attention, the job becomes more firmly his than ever before. Alsop and Bartlett have done much more to insure Stevenson's tenure at the U.N. than anybody since Barry Goldwater asked for his removal.

A Plot Unmasked

We have before us as we write a heretofore unpublished document of whose authenticity we are frankly quite skeptical. But even if it is, as we rather suspect, a clever forgery, the distorted ingenuity that went into its fabrication demonstrates once again the lengths to which plotters will go in their efforts to ridicule and cast doubt on the central institutions of our democracy. And if it is *not* a fraud, the hour is late indeed and action must be taken at once by the highest authorities.

The document is not an easy one to describe—especially since, according to the individual who confided it to us, the version we have is actually a rather free translation into French of a Polish summary of an official copy, glimpsed only briefly, which was itself a rendering into the southern (or tosk) dialect of the Albanian language from the original Chinese. The general outlines are clear enough, however. We are dealing with what purports to be an official study prepared by an agency called the Commission for the Immediate Victory of Marxism-Leninism-Maoism, and the subject may be expressed as "A Plan to Make the U.S. Government Accept the Glorious Aims of Our State without Force or Violence Before the Russians Can in a Way that Will Be Joyously Welcomed by the Masses."

The plan is based on the findings of a team of sociologists who are reported to have been landed somewhere on the West Coast from submarines. Before they all defected and applied for American citizenship upon discovering that they

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More Light than Sweetness

Fact is that no other single program has illuminated so many vital public issues in so exciting a way. The procession of Senators, cabinet members, labor chiefs, military leaders and business executives who've fearlessly faced its reporters (and May Craig's hats) has been dazzling.

JFK's Been There

(John F. Kennedy made eight appearances between 1951 and 1960; which goes to show how "Meet the Press" can kill a man's political future.)

Foreign guests have been imposing, too. Among them: Britain's former Prime Minister Eden, Germany's Chancel-

News Sprint

but not all.

We recall, for example, that a few papers pointedly omitted mentioning either the program or network in reporting on the interview of Soviet First Deputy Premier Anastas I. Mikoyan a few seasons back. This was a bit silly, since the show was seen by 15 million viewers—making it the most-seen news event since Queen Victoria's last press party.

Mikoyan showed his green side on camera, too. By the way, when asked to compare this future nuclear's performance with that of his predecessors, Khrushchev, Bulganin, Malenkov, he actually gave a straight answer. Be certain, sometime, to ask him about it.

But the most *direct* response came from the other hand, courtesy of Mrs. Robert Taft. Asked when she usually told those people who disclaimed her Senator husband had political ambitions, she instantly came up with: "Oh, pooh!"

Happy Returnees

Over its 15 year span on NBC Television (the radio version goes back even further), "Meet the Press" has made an invaluable contribution to public information.

It pleases us no less that it has made its mark without sacrificing fair play for sensationalism, and that even visitors who've been subjected to the most incisive questioning have cheerfully accepted invitations to return. A good sign, that. Obviously, a guest suffering from heartburn wouldn't think of going up for seconds.

NBC

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could get a grant to continue their work from one of the large foundations, the unusual task force sent back a report on what they called "a new and very important factor in the political and economic decision-making machinery of the United States." As interpreted by their masters across the Pacific, this boils down to an assertion that "The ruling circles of Wall Street and the paper tigers from the two parties whom they alternate at the head of government, increasingly desperate in their efforts to hold onto power and having entirely lost contact and understanding with the American masses, are leaning more and more cravenly on a quasi-scientific means of predicting the desires of the workers, peasants, and intellectuals. In their efforts to placate the masses, these decadent corruptionists have enshrined as a deity a phenomenon happily unknown in the world of socialist and non-aligned nations: the public-opinion poll."

After a long and generally inaccurate description of sampling techniques, the report continues: "It is clear that the USSR has been wasting its time with incessant argumentation, cajolery, threats, and other overt efforts to affect American public opinion. But," this section of the study concludes, "let the fool exhaust himself fighting to make the wind change, while the wise man achieves his aim by climbing stealthily into the power and simply changing the direction of the weather vane."

What follows is nothing less than a detailed blueprint for seizing control of the three or four most widely respected public-opinion polls and employing them for the systematic destruction of the American way of life and our will to resist Communism in all its forms, both at home and abroad. It is pointed out that since the specialists engaged in the work of telling the nation what it thinks have always sought to maintain their objectivity by keeping their methods out of the glare of publicity, only a few of their fellow citizens will be in a position to notice the difference after certain personnel changes have been made. And careful arrangements have been made to take care of those few. "The Russians have already rendered themselves unpopular and put the enemy on guard with their clumsy efforts to infiltrate the press, the motion-picture industry, and the Protestant clergy," the report urges at one point. "Let us, in one great leap forward, move in the still of the night—with money, guns, and drugs as they may be needed—to seize at once the most important control posts in America today."

The first step, then, will be to spread confusion throughout the economic and political structure of the nation. Industries will be instructed to retool for the manufacture of products no one really wants and parties will be convinced that their only hope of success lies in the nomination of candidates no one has ever heard of before. In the resulting chaos, the foreign-policy aims of a hostile power will gradually be presented as the deeply held convictions of the electorate from whose consent our leaders derive their just powers. The campaign will start innocuously: when asked whether Sikkim and Assam belong to India or China, 76.8 per cent of the American people will be represented as having replied, "Don't know." No surprise about that. But from these modest beginnings will proceed the complete assimilation of the Asian mainland and most of the offshore islands. The American leaders may talk about drawing the line and standing firm in this area or that, the report concedes, but it predicts that no real action will be taken after the release of figures indicating that they have no backing at home. (Here follows a disdainful reference to "Russian imbecility in attempting to set up missiles in Cuba just after polls showing a generally belligerent attitude toward Castro had strengthened the Pentagon's hand.")

The final victory of this insidious imperialism is to be capped by the announcement that 93.6 per cent of the American people, without regard to religious or geographical considerations, believe that "in exchange for a firm promise not to invade California, it would be in the interest of the United States not to oppose the peaceful occupation of Japan, Australia, and Hawaii." At this point, the Commission for the Immediate Victory of Marxism-Leninism-Maoism recommends that, as a magnanimous gesture, the People's Republic of China should extend diplomatic recognition to the United States of America.

As we have said, the document may be a forgery. And yet can we afford to view it with complacency? At a time when more and more important decisions in the area of public policy are indubitably being made, at least in some measure, with the aid of various forms of opinion analysis, can we permit even the slightest doubt to be cast on the high standards of scientific accuracy that have always typified the profession?

The President has made it clear that he will do whatever is necessary to prevent the American press from being used, even by officials of our own government, as "a weapon in the Cold War." What is he prepared to do about the no less vital matter of the polls?

CHILDREN'S GIFT LIST

(From an item in the New York Post)

"A logless log cabin . . . is marked at $495 . . . Extras . . . are the front veranda, at $65, and the lookout tower for spotting Indians, at $48."

Just a simple rustic pad
For a simple little lad
From a simple-minded Dad
Yearly used to being had.

"Little girls need no longer feel that playing with dolls is a one-way proposition. 'Kissy,' for instance, will kiss back indefinitely, so long as her arms are drawn together."

Perfect for your favorite missy
Is the little nympho Kissy.
Keep her well away from sonny
Lest he take her for his Bunny.

"'Morticia,' a black-gowned Charles Addams doll with chalk-white face . . . just the Christmas gift for the little girl who has everything."

Scary Christmas, dear Patricia,
From the sinister Morticia.
See directions, if you break her:
How to Be an Undertaker.

—SEC

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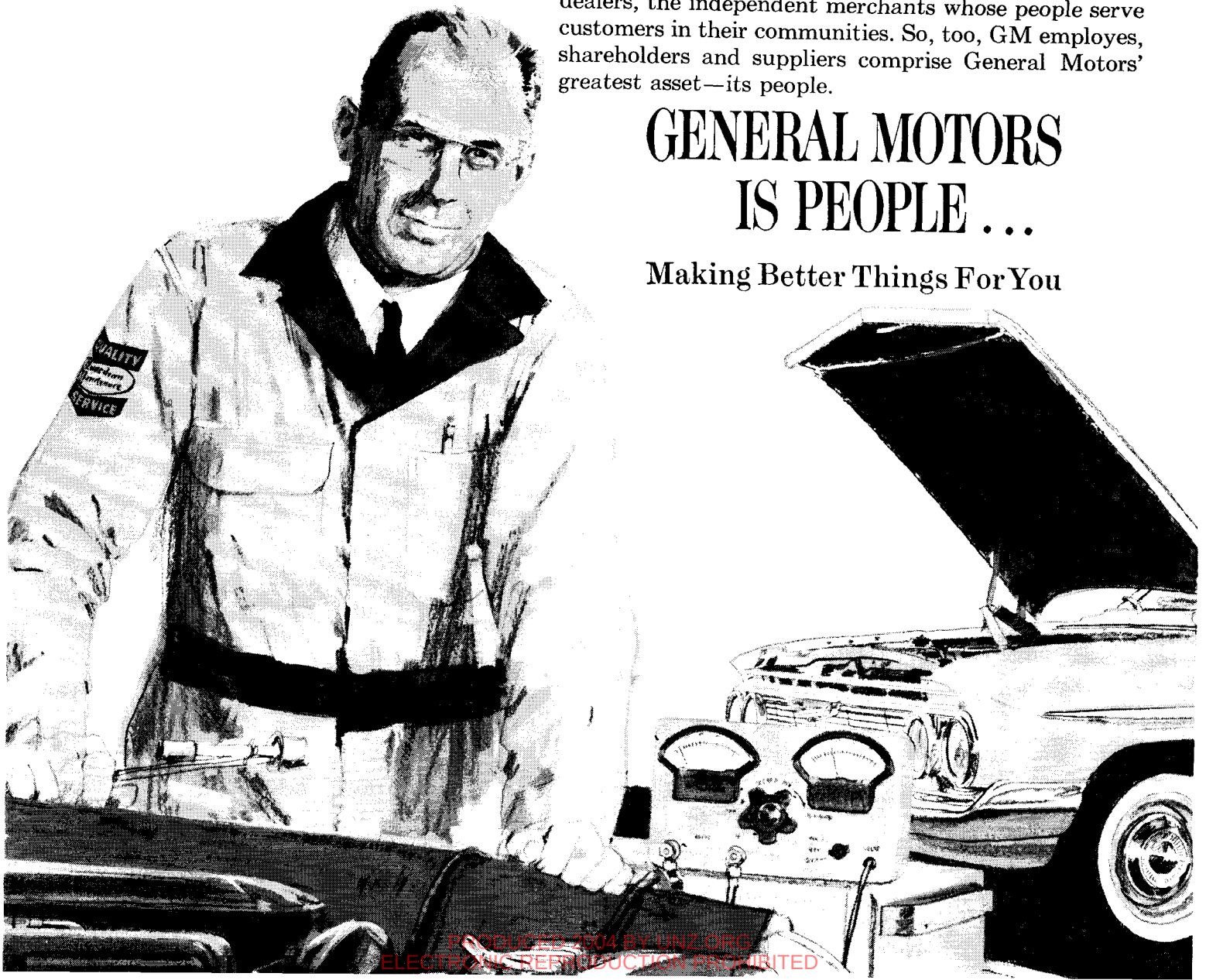

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MAX ASCOLI

Christmas, 1962

How are we doing, how are we faring in that realm of the spiritual that is generally supposed to be more or less half of our lives? A look at our balance of spiritual payments is particularly indicated at this season, dedicated to the celebration of the divine in man. The blend of godliness with this human stuff can be commemorated with the re-evocation of the manger and the shepherds and a birth. But there are others ways. For those who have the sense of Christmas, that alloy of the human and of the spiritual has been the starting point of an adventure that is still lived by every human being, and to which there is no end in sight. There has been no fission between the two elements; rather, they have become more and more enmeshed with each other, though the balance between the two cannot possibly ever be steady.

We can celebrate Christmas by focusing our minds on the here and now: the *here* in our country, faced as we are *now* by an opponent not far away from us and for whom what we still call spiritual life is a laughable figment of drugged imagination. This means Cuba, and well beyond that tortured little island, all the lands where Communism is sovereign. On Christmas Day and every day, we cannot have anything but love for all those people violently separated from us and from themselves by a tyranny that seeks to make all men into soulless tools of an irreversible destiny. We have seen just in these days how adept the Communist masters are at lying, cheating, and crawling.

It is said by a number of people in positions of authority that if the status quo is maintained, if reality is recognized—the enduring reality of Communist power and the legitimacy of Communist rule—then things somehow will get settled. The realists, proud of having no theory of history, flaunt a doctrinaire mistrust of all doctrines, yet at the same time exhibit a remarkable reliance on what they consider some habits of history. Above all, let's be pragmatists, it is said, which means, as far as one can understand, unprincipled. There are evidences that the top man on the other side is a pragmatist too, and therefore, for all his vocal, devotional Marxism, he too is unprincipled.

We must maintain, it is said, the balance between their system and ours. True, they are incessantly busy tipping the scales in their own favor, using all possible means, mostly foul. But isn't it a habit of history that every harsh, oppressive rule in due time gets mellower? We have had an evidence of this mellowing just a few weeks ago, when our major opponent, caught by our government just in the nick of time, canceled the preparations he had made for a pyromaniacal threat to the human race.

Our realists, to be sure, still proclaim on every possible occasion their faith in freedom and their devotion to spiritual life. Even the people of Cuba have been repeatedly told that they are going to regain their freedom some time any time. But the return of large sections of the human race to an order of things where the sovereignty of the individual's inner life is somehow respected—this is such a faraway goal that there is no use wasting energy devising the strategy for achieving it. We had better be satisfied with the day-to-day handling of accidents as they occur.

Have we to add that in thus rebuking pragmatism and realism as they are understood these days, we consider them the most shortsighted of all policies, the ones most likely to lead to an immeasurable conflagration? Everyone who does not recognize the absolute value of the status quo or the legitimacy of Communist totalitarianism must undergo the humiliation of having to proclaim: "I am against war." Of course we are. No sane person can possibly cherish the prospect of war for the sake of ending Communism. Neither can we cherish the prospect of peace for its own sake without becoming the victims of Communism. In our time, we can have only similes of war and similes of peace.

We can and we must have diplomatic dealings with some of the Communist governments, but we cannot mistake the verbiage and amenities of diplomacy for the reality of nation-to-nation, people-to-people communication. We can forget, but only to our sorrow, that these governments are all, though maybe in differing degrees, inimical to the peoples they pretend to represent, and that their arbitrary rule can be maintained only if it is further and further extended. When we accept the notion that the spiritual life of other peoples can be wiped out, we make our own negotiable.

We must express our love for these peoples through every possible means of communication, and first of all by inflicting setbacks on their rulers. Now that at long last a setback has been inflicted on these evil men, let's ready ourselves to meet other occasions so that the same can be done, again and again.

This is the best Christmas wish we can formulate for us and the peoples on the other side for this Christmas 1962.

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Missiles and Principles

LOUIS AGUILAR LEON

THE DEED had grandeur. Because it did, it astonished and electrified a western world inured to passivity and defensive attitudes. All the inhabitants of the strategic cities felt the chilling prospect of nuclear disintegration, but at heart they felt a growing conviction that the hour of truth had struck, that the moment to stand firm had come. When the resolute gesture was followed by the Soviet backdown, it seemed that a gleam of victory had dawned. When the Soviet ships turned back, it was as if history itself were changing course: from tolerance to redeeming inflexibility, from vacillation to decisiveness, from yielding to challenging.

The deed had grandeur, but some would say that all the grandeur was confined to the deed. Ambiguous rumors, contradictory reports, and spiritless statements multiply. Little defeats are eating away the victory; obscure interests are attempting to minimize the stature of an action in defense of the hemisphere and reduce it to the dimensions of an empty show intended exclusively for the protection of the United States. Revived by the servile efforts of a Latin-American government and tentatively sponsored by the eternal appeasers, there has loomed on the horizon the incredible chimera of coexistence with Castro, the snare of "Titoism" in the Caribbean, and the mendacious assertion that the Cuban Communist régime, stripped of its missiles, no longer poses a threat.

This attempt to put a new interpretation, at once selfish and vacillating, on the United States' attitude could lead to such damaging consequences that if it succeeds, the United States must write off all the positive results its action has produced and witness what may be its last chance to exercise effective leadership vanish into thin air. The concept of leadership is linked to a collective consciousness, to thinking and acting on behalf of the whole. Accordingly, whoever fails to heed the collective urgencies and acts independently, pursuing his own interest alone, is betraying his incapacity to lead anyone. This serious problem and its consequences are the crux of the present situation.

THE NOTION that Castro can be transformed into a Caribbean Tito is an idea which, in the first place, opens up the possibility of other Titos in South America and overlooks this obvious truth: the existence of a Tito in Europe represents a deviation in the Communist bloc, but the presence of a Tito in the Caribbean means an irreparable defeat for the democratic bloc. For all Titos are no more than dissident Communists, and the dissidence fades but the Communism remains. Notice that the European Tito has never mentioned subverting the Soviet order, which is essentially his own, while the Caribbean Tito has never left off proclaiming, by word and deed, his intent to subvert the American order, which is his essential enemy.

The consequences of the hypothetical coexistence with the Communist Castro régime would be disastrous. As I wrote in August, "Fidel Castro has demonstrated that anyone declaring himself a Communist can count on Russian aid, even though he may be nine thousand miles away from Russian coasts, but anyone who declares himself a democrat can fight and die ninety miles from the United States without anyone coming to his aid."

For all Latin America, then, official mention of the notion of coexistence would only serve to strengthen this bitter concept. For, long before the missiles that threatened North America were emplaced in Cuba, the peoples of South and Central America had suffered Cuban threats. And most of them were puzzled by the passivity of the U.S. government in the face of a régime bulging with arms and bloated with braggadocio. That is why, when the United States rose up before the aggressor, all the Latin-American countries rallied to its support. They did so—and this is the important point—not to support a show of force by the United States, but because they interpreted the U.S. attitude as a move to defend the entire hemisphere from a common enemy, and because it was the action they had long been waiting for and demanding from the strongest nation, the supposed leader of the hemisphere. Because the danger affected everyone, they closed ranks with the United States.

IF THERE ARE groups or commentators in the United States who interpret the support received from Latin America as a fixed and unconditional attitude, they will be committing a tragic error. This solidarity was born of a community of interests and will vanish if this community of interests is betrayed. No soft words or cajoling argument would remove the sting that a coexistentialist attitude would inflict on Latin America.

The United States spoke of collective peril and called for joint action; to talk of coexistence now, because the danger no longer threatens the United States, is to evince an Olympian disdain for the security and dignity of the countries summoned to act together. To suggest that without the Russian missiles Castro is no longer a threat is to insult all those who have fought against him since well before the missiles. To mention coexistence now means proclaiming that the democratic principle is not worth defending outside the United States borders, means equating all hemispheric liberties with the physical safety of the United

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States; it implies abandonment of the common cause and assuring Castro and the Communists of Latin America that they can cast off all restraint: crush a people, execute its youth, destroy its liberty, attack governments, sabotage the industries of neighboring countries, poison the life of the hemisphere—everything but the intolerable crime of installing missiles and aiming them north.

TO REJECT as immoral all attempts at coexistence does not mean the striking of angry poses and proclamation of warlike intentions. That is beside the point. The point is to put the things in their rightful place and to reaffirm the existence of something that seemingly is being lost sight of at every step: principles. What is needed in this situation is to remember that Fidel Castro has outraged and threatened more than anything else the democratic principle in Latin America, that he has violated and heaped scorn on all the liberties we call essential. It is because of these violated principles and scorned liberties that he must be fought, not because of missiles and bombers.

The fact remains that even if the United States considered only its self-preservation and physical safety, it would still be a mistake to advance the possibility of coexistence with Castro. For those who pursue this aim seem to forget that Castro is not a Communist because he attracted the rockets but, on the contrary, that he attracted the rockets because he is a Communist. And now they say he has been stripped of the missiles but has been allowed to keep Communism. This, however, is the root of the trouble, the very platform for the missiles. So long as the platform is there, so long will the possibility exist of a return of the missiles and the danger.

This is why the veiled insinuation now being heard that it is possible to coexist with Castro is so tragically absurd. For this means sacrificing the faith that the United States has inspired in Latin America. Faith is a much more fragile thing than a missile. The Soviet missiles could be brought back to Cuba, but Latin-American confidence in the United States, once lost, could never be restored.

AT HOME & ABROAD

A Visit to Ole Miss

JANE KRIEGER ROSEN

A FEW weeks ago the University of Mississippi invited my friend Santha Rama Rau, the Indian writer, to lecture on modern Asian literature, and she asked me to come along. I agreed because I was curious to see for myself what was happening to Ole Miss and to its first Negro student, James Meredith.

Ole Miss may be beautiful in spring, but in December it looks raw and ugly, a jumble of red-brick buildings of the Southern county-courthouse style. One look was enough to show that although there have been no mass outbreaks of violence since late October, the U.S. government is prepared for anything. During a five-minute stroll we counted seven jeeps crammed with soldiers. Later we learned there are between three hundred and four hundred troops on campus plus seven or eight Federal marshals in civilian clothes, and a United States attorney who acts as Meredith's personal bodyguard.

We stopped a student and asked for directions to Meredith's dormitory, Baxter Hall. "You-all mean where the nigger lives? Up that road to the top of the hill—where all the soldiers are standing."

Eighteen MP's with bayonets, guns, and grenades guarded the entrances to the three-story dormitory and patrolled the street in front and in the rear. No student is allowed into the building unless the MP's know him or he has an identification card.

About a hundred students besides Meredith live in Baxter Hall, and a few of them have pasted Confederate flags and stickers in their windows which say: "I Protest Meredith's Presence at Ole Miss" and "Brotherhood by Bayonet."

Meredith's telephone number is unlisted and it is changed every week, but somehow the new number always leaks out. The week before, one marshal told us, a drunken woman telephoned long-distance to tell the guards they were "Kennedy-kissers." Two nights before, someone phoned to warn that a bomb would explode in the dormitory in ten minutes.

Bomb threats are so common, however, that the marshal paid no attention. "We figure that if anyone really sets off a bomb in any of these buildings, he'll tip off the white students," the marshal explained to us. "So long as plenty of white kids are here, it's likely to be safe for Mr. Meredith."

WE HAD ARRANGED in advance to meet Meredith, and he had promised to meet us in the office of one of the professors. While we waited for him, half a dozen faculty members dropped in to chat. Somebody said, "One of the deans' wives is spreading a rumor that Meredith is flunking all his subjects except political science and he's passing that only because the teacher is an integrationist."

Everybody roared with laughter except the so-called integrationist. "I'm no integrationist," he said to us earnestly. "But I do believe in supporting law and order."

We asked if Meredith might flunk out. Everyone said no. "It's pretty hard to flunk out of this university," a faculty member said. "We have a lot of students here who are really incredibly dumb. Some of them think the Lord created the world in six days. They are invariably the ones who think it came to an end last September 30 when Meredith enrolled at Ole Miss."

Actually, very few persons in the university know exactly what Meredith's grades are, and they have been forbidden to say. Each of his teachers has been ordered to place his marks in a sealed envelope and to deliver them personally to the registrar to prevent any information from leaking. But practically every-

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one on the campus seems to know that Meredith is not doing very well. A faculty member said: "This man is under such a strain that he just hasn't been able to study hard. His life is in danger. He is surrounded by a wall of hate. He hasn't one friend in the student body. When the strain gets too much for him, he has to take a few days off. For instance, a few weeks ago he skipped two exams so he could go to Jackson to be with his wife. Everyone around here said, 'Ho ho—Meredith missed his exams—just like a nigger.' Well actually, plenty of students skip exams for far less reason. Meredith will make them up and he'll do all right."

More than an hour had gone by and Meredith still had not appeared. Finally one of the faculty members went to his dormitory to find out what was keeping him. The teacher returned to say Meredith had changed his mind and would not meet us.

He had had a bad morning. First, NAACP officials had told him to be sure to see us, and that had irritated him. He tends to resent NAACP demands as an intrusion on his private life as a student. Second, he had had an important strategy conference with leaders of the local Negro community at Oxford and sharp differences of opinion were expressed. Then he had seen two colored women sweeping the floor—a job usually done by men—and it had upset him. What with everything else, he was in no mood to chat with strangers.

Staying Operational

His mood had changed by late afternoon and I met him in the cafeteria. Some faculty members had asked me not to eat with him because it might provoke a demonstration by extremists on the campus. But I knew he generally had dinner at five and decided to go to the cafeteria to catch a glimpse of him and see how the other students behaved toward him.

The cafeteria was crowded; young men in slacks and sport shirts and pretty girls in sweaters and skirts waited in line with their trays, laughing and chattering. "Do you know if Mr. Meredith has come in yet?" I asked a girl student. "I'm not sure—what does he teach?" she asked. "You dope," laughed her friend, a Southern beauty with a sweet voice. "She means Meredith the nigger."

When he did walk in, no one looked at him. He was dressed in tan slacks, white shirt, orange-striped tie, orange cardigan sweater, and tan suede shoes. He was accompanied by the U.S. attorney and two marshals, one with a walkie-talkie sticking out of his jacket. While they waited in line, Meredith chatted with the guards, glanced at a newspaper he was carrying, and laughed several times. He affected an elaborately casual air of indifference.

When he glanced in my direction, I smiled and called hello. He came over immediately and apologized for not meeting us earlier in the day.

Since we had never been introduced, I wondered how he had identified me. A guard explained later: "There wouldn't be any other white woman who would give him a real pleasant hello in this place."

Meredith said to me: "This was a bad day for me. I saw these two Negro women sweeping the floor and I just got sick of it all and I lost my temper." "What do you do when you lose your temper?" I asked. "I react inside, that's all. But then I tell myself, 'You got to stay operational.'"

I asked him to talk about his life at the university. Meredith, like most of the other students at Ole Miss, is not very articulate. He said he generally gets up at 5:30 A.M., seldom eats breakfast (a Federal judge once called him "a man with a mission and a nervous stomach"), goes to classes in the morning, studies or attends more classes in the afternoon, and goes to bed around eight or nine. He is taking five courses—colonial history, political science, algebra, French, and English—and expects to graduate at the end of this summer. (Ole Miss has accepted the college credits he earned when he attended Jackson State College, a Negro school.)

"I study enough," he said. "A lot of people around here would like to think I'm going to flunk out but they'll be surprised. And anyway, I don't see why I have to be the best student in the university just because I'm a Negro."

I ASKED if he was lonely. "It wouldn't be right for me to be lonely," he said. "Most of the people in the whole world are behind me—I stand for them, I practically represent what they feel. Maybe I get low sometimes but then I tell myself, 'You got to stay operational.'

"Besides, I'm a lot better off than most members of my race. Nobody ever called me a nigger till I got here. I've got a lot of freedoms that haven't come to others yet. Take just a small thing that happened this morning. My janitor, a Negro, was cleaning my room, and one of the Justice Department men came in and we were kidding around and I told him, kidding, to go to hell. You should have seen my janitor's face—he nearly turned white! Afterwards he and I laughed about it. He was proud of me. You see, if *he* told a white man to go to hell, he'd be *whipped*."

I asked if anyone ever called him Jim. "Lots of people," he assured me. But no one at the university does. When the students don't call him "nigger" they don't call him anything. The faculty addresses him as Mr. Meredith. At his own request, even the U.S. attorneys who have become his good friends call him Mr. Meredith. A guard told me: "He once said one of the proud moments of his life came when President Kennedy said on television, 'Mr. Meredith is now attending the university.' Naturally I thought he meant because he had won his battle. But he

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didn't—he meant that the President of the United States called him Mister."

Among the 4,600 students at Ole Miss, there are perhaps a dozen who nod to Meredith. Late in November, six undergraduates who sympathized with him got together and decided to have dinner with him. For Meredith it was a great day. That night the rooms of two of the six were ransacked, their belongings were destroyed, and they were attacked and roughed up. One quit the university. No students have dined with Meredith lately and those who nod at him are paying for it. One of the girls, a pretty sophomore named Jennifer Harmon, who played the lead in the university production of *South Pacific* last year, gets threatening telephone calls and letters. So does Sidna Brower, who wrote an editorial in the college paper condemning the attacks on the two boys.

'They're Scared of Something'

I asked a group of pleasant-looking boys on the campus how they felt about the situation. One said: "I think there shouldn't be any more violence and I'm against shooting and sling-shooting cherry bombs. But I wouldn't talk to Meredith. He's a nigger and he forced his way in here."

"What would you do if a friend of yours was nice to Meredith?"

"It just couldn't happen. None of my friends would be."

I asked another boy, "Why do you hate Meredith so much when you don't seem to mind the Chinese and Indian students who are studying here?"

He said, "We ain't so wild about them, either."

Meredith told us that several of the demonstrations against him have been led by a Chinese student. He said he had thought about that a great deal and had finally concluded that the Chinese boy must have been so isolated that he turned on him in a desperate effort to win acceptance. "When I figured that out," Meredith said, "I was able to realize that all these people who are against me are scared of something or other."

The hard-core student opposition to Meredith has as its nucleus a small group of extremists who obviously are getting support from outside the university—presumably from the white-supremacy Citizens Councils. The extremists publish an underground leaflet from time to time called *Rebel Resistance.* It purports to print the names of all so-called "racial perverts"—that is, faculty members and students who nod to Meredith. A recent issue said:

"It is necessary to keep the colored boy in a state of constant isolation. HE SHOULD BE AVOIDED FOR THE NAACP LEPER THAT HE IS. Let no student speak to him." The paper defined NAACP as "National Association for the Advancement of the Communist Party." It urged all students to "strike while the iron is hot."

Meredith himself is sometimes able to see some humor in the situation. A few weeks ago he bought himself a jazzy brown-leather cap with a snap brim. The first day he wore it, the students howled and jeered. When he got back to his room the telephone rang and Meredith picked it up. His guard watched Meredith's face as the caller swore at him. When he hung up, the guard asked, "Who was that?"

"Oh, just one of my many supporters," said Meredith, smiling wryly. "He suggested that we bring out a cap like this with my name on the brim—he said it would sell like hot cakes on the campus."

THE NIGHT of my friend's lecture we called for Meredith and his guard to take them to the auditorium. It was the first time Meredith had attended a lecture there and he was dressed for the occasion in a dark-blue suit with a white handkerchief in his pocket. As he left the dormitory, rebel yells went up from several windows. He grinned at us and shrugged.

The auditorium was heavily guarded; there must have been twenty soldiers surrounding the building. As we walked down the aisle, everyone stared. I sat between the two men. The guard whispered that this was the first time Meredith had sat next to a white woman since he enrolled. A girl behind us said, "Ah'm gonna get mahself a gun—Ah truly am!" Meredith showed no sign of having heard.

Aside from that remark, there was no overt hostility. Several faculty members stopped by to say hello to Meredith. "Things are going pretty well," Meredith told one of them. The professor remarked that the students who were most hostile toward him were hardly of the type to spend an evening at a lecture. Then he kidded Meredith about a forthcoming football game—"They are going crazy trying to find out whether you're going to be there," he said. "Well, we'll just let them go crazy," Meredith said gaily. When the professor went back to his own seat, Meredith said to me with enormous pleasure, "That's one of my good friends."

Next day I went to a political-science class with Meredith. A marshal stationed himself at the door of the building and another, with a walkie-talkie, stood in the corridor outside the classroom. But no guards came into the class. When Meredith walked in, about ten students were already seated in the two front rows. He sat in the middle of the third row. No one looked at him. One by one another dozen students straggled in; one sat at the end of Meredith's row, the others behind him.

That particular day the professor was talking about Presidential campaigns. He handed out some campaign literature and asked the class to examine it and pass it around. The boy in front of Meredith handed it back to him; he read it and then offered it to the boys behind him. They did not take it. The professor obviously did not notice.

When he asked for questions, one boy raised his hand. "How many more classes till Christmas vacation?" he asked.

Outside the building later on, I asked a girl student if she would ever sit next to Meredith. "I wouldn't a bit mind sitting beside him. But I have many friends here and a thing like this would upset them dreadfully. My parents would be bound to find out and they'd be so hurt. They're pretty old-fashioned."

Students were pouring out of classrooms onto the street and Meredith came over to say good-by. We wished him well and he walked off, the guard next to him, the marshals behind him, and a jeepful of soldiers across the street. None of the students paid any attention.

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Khrushchev's Economic Problems

MADELEINE G. KALB

LONDON

THE sweeping reorganization of the Soviet government and Communist Party apparatus approved "unanimously" by the party's central committee at its November plenum is Premier Nikita Khrushchev's most recent and dramatic attempt to "get the country moving again." His approach to the basic problem of running a productive and efficient economy is to shift personnel, set up new administrative organs, and rearrange state and party control over the economy. In 1957 he tried decentralization. It didn't work. Last month he turned back toward centralization.

Basically the reorganization calls for division of the economy into three sectors—heavy industry, agriculture, and light industry—each under separate party control from top to bottom. This executive authority, which previously had been organized on a territorial basis, will now be reorganized on an economic or functional basis. Ironically, this will institutionalize the differences between town and country that Communist ideologists have sought to eliminate and will produce parallel lines of authority within the party that eventually may conflict with one another. Khrushchev seems to be aware of the pitfalls inherent in this approach, but he is prepared to take the gamble for the sake of his country's development and his own political position—which depends very heavily on economic conditions in a country where the state controls all the means of production.

DURING his years in power Khrushchev has brought Russia a number of political and economic changes. For many of these, the Russian people are grateful. But since his régime has in a relatively short time launched the first sputnik and the first astronaut, adopted a new policy toward neutrals, trade, and aid, and imposed a new style of suitcase diplomacy on the established great powers, while at home adding almost a fourth to the country's agricultural land, boosting housing construction and washing-machine production, and sanctioning advertising, fashion models, and even jazz, perhaps it was inevitable that Khrushchev would eventually have to slow down and in some cases to retreat.

Symptomatic of the retreat were two recent measures that hit Soviet pocketbooks. On June 1, the Communist Party's central committee reluctantly announced that after long consideration it was forced to adopt an "undesirable measure": the retail prices of meat and butter were to rise by thirty per cent and twenty-five per cent, respectively. In

a country where fifty per cent of the average family budget goes for food, this amounted to a considerable increase in the cost of living. Then, on September 25, the income-tax cut scheduled for workers earning more than sixty rubles ($66.60) a month was postponed indefinitely.

These unpopular moves reflect two more deep-seated problems, one connected with resources, the other with ideology. First, and most important, the Soviet Union is still a poor country, with limited resources, big plans, and big problems. One of the biggest problems is how to "build Communism," which Khrushchev described recently to a group of Turkmen peasants as "a better life—that's more good things for man, better food, housing, clothes, shoes, new schools, institutions of science and culture, hospitals, in a word, all the life of society and of the cultured man." By Khrushchev's definition, the American economy, bedeviled as it is by agricultural overproduction, industry so efficient it creates technological unemployment, and traffic jams across a country generally filled with comfortable houses and apartments, would seem very close to the blessed state of Communism.

But Khrushchev is working within a wildly uneven economy that may send a spaceship to the moon before it produces enough pacifiers for Soviet babies. Not long ago, on a visit to his own native village of Kalinovka, now a model kolkhoz, Khrushchev complained: "There is so much new in science and we don't take it and use it. Today when we were coming to Kalinovka, we stopped near the village of Selino and saw how they were gathering hay. What I saw in Selino reminded me of my childhood." He recalled a poem he had learned as a boy in Kalinovka, describing a horse-drawn cart and the old women tossing the hay onto it with pitchforks. "In what century," he asked, "were those lines of poetry written? It was in the time of serfdom, the undivided rule of the landowners. But even now that gathering of hay in Selino is carried on exactly as it was a hundred years ago."

About half the people of the country live and work in villages like Selino. Some may have more agricultural machines, but they are often not used properly, or they stand idle in need of repair because there are not enough people with a "mastery of technology," as Khrushchev puts it. There may be electricity in the old-fashioned *izbas,* or log cabins, or it may be part of next year's plan. There is usually no plumbing, and water comes from the river, a well, or an outdoor pump. There is probably one telephone, in the house or office of the farm chairman. There is generally a one-room school, but the secondary school is apt to be miles away in the nearest town. There is free medical care, but the nearest doctor or dentist may be fifty miles away.

City housing is still crowded, with a few families often sharing a small apartment; the official goal is "a comfortable flat with modern con-

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veniences for every family, including newlyweds," by 1980. There are lines for movie tickets, lines for railroad tickets, lines for knitwear, lines for tomatoes, lemons, and eggs. Life still does not move smoothly for the Russian people; and although Khrushchev's changes have produced improvement in material conditions and in the psychological spirit of the people, they seem to have run up against limits. An innovation ceases to be an innovation after five years. New ideas become necessary.

The Collective Failure

This is where the second basic problem comes in: the straitjacket imposed by ideology often prevents Soviet planners from accepting new ideas and from using their resources in the most effective way.

Agriculture is a case in point. All the plans Khrushchev can devise to make his country strong and prosperous run up against the old problem: the established collective and state farm system simply does not provide the necessary incentive for the peasants to produce enough food for the expanding population, especially in the cities.

When Khrushchev came to power, he tried to modify the system. His initial reforms were popular. He tried to stimulate production by paying the collective farms more for their produce, and by inveighing against the peasants' private plots, which produce a good proportion of the country's meat, milk, fruit, and vegetables. He started the virgin lands program on the far-off steppes of Siberia and Kazakhstan.

All of this was reflected in increased agricultural output until 1958. Since then, the national harvest has not reached the 1958 level; pressure has been put on the private plots; the number of privately owned cows has declined; and Khrushchev's promises of a diet as good as America's by the end of the current Seven-year Plan in 1965 are hopelessly out of reach.

What alternatives are open to Khrushchev in dealing with this vast problem, complicated by climate, backward conditions, and a system that makes the farm workers indifferent to their work?

Some western economists say that the agricultural problem could be eliminated if Soviet leaders would readjust their goals to the realities of Russian soil and climate. From a purely economic point of view it would be more rational to export industrial goods and import food. This approach is rejected on political grounds. It would be unthinkable for the Soviet Union to admit that its farming system had failed—to give up autarky and become dependent on non-Communist, potentially hostile sources of food.

The second approach would be to invest heavily in agriculture. At the central committee plenum, Soviet planners announced an increase in agricultural investments for 1963 but did not specify where the money would come from. It is considered unlikely that Khrushchev can divert enough money from what he considers to be the more vital investments in heavy industry, science, and arms to produce a dramatic increase in food output.

A third solution, which would involve a radical change in the Soviet system, would be to encourage private initiative in production and distribution. Soviet leaders are aware that the peasant still works much more willingly and efficiently on his own plot than on the collective fields. Starting off a recent *Pravda* discussion of efficiency and responsibility on the farm, a sixty-nine-year-old peasant woman, Nadezhda Zaglada, a Hero of Socialist Labor and an admirer of Premier Khrushchev, wrote of the confusion and irresponsibility on a neighboring collective farm in the Ukraine. "What is this—muddleheadedness, stupidity?" she asked. "No," she answered herself, "I personally think it isn't stupidity. It's conscience that the people on the Gorky collective farm lack, not understanding or brains. Look at their private plots—they're like a picture—and suddenly it's clear: here they can do anything, they understand everything. But they don't bring their conscience to the collective-farm acres, they leave it home in their own plot."

Probably no government policy would be more popular with the property-hungry peasants and the vegetable-hungry consumers than to encourage the peasants to continue and even to improve the cultivation of their own plots and the marketing of their produce. But Khrushchev's ideological commitment to collectivized farming forces him to reject this solution. For example, entrepreneurs from the Georgian Soviet Republic in the Caucasus used to fly to Moscow with suitcases stuffed with fresh lettuce from their private plots and sell it at prices so high that they paid for their air fare and made a fat profit too. But on July 14 the government declared such "speculation" illegal; now no one is allowed to transport fruit and vegetables privately from Georgia to the rest of the Soviet Union, and the lettuce can wilt under state auspices.

With heavy investment limited for financial reasons and encouragement of the private sector out for ideological reasons, the only alternative is organizational half measures. A reform measure earlier this year that foreshadowed the reorganization announced at the plenum gave a regional party official responsibility for total agricultural production in his area. And, of course, there is always exhortation—exhortation by *Pravda*, by the local party officials, and by Khrushchev, who travels through his vast realm exposing "shortcomings" and lecturing the peasants about what seed to plant. None of the lectures have much effect.

Lvov in Sheep's Clothing

"Of course, it would be another matter if our successes in agriculture were like those in industry." So said Khrushchev in a recent speech. The industrial production figures are impressive. Last year, industrial production climbed 9.2 per cent over 1960. But while the machine-building and metalworking industries produced 16 per cent more than the year before and the chemical industry 14 per cent, light industry was far behind with a 5 per cent increase. Industrial progress is still uneven, not only in the consumer-goods sector, plagued by complaints about suits with one sleeve three inches too long, but in heavy industry also. As production techniques become more modern and complex, new statistical and planning techniques must be designed, or borrowed from the West, to deal with them.

Here again, ideology often gets in the way of progress. For example,

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recently a small group of economists and planners in Lvov advocated the consolidation of five local shoe factories under one management to make the whole operation more efficient. They suggested the new combined enterprise be called a "firm." A professor in Kharkov attacked the entire system of rewarding Soviet factory executives on the basis of fulfillment of various plans as inefficient, encouraging waste and dishonesty. He suggested a single measure to check on the efficiency of a plant, and a single "encouragement fund" to reward efficient administrators—all to be based on the "profit" the factory showed at year's end. Both the Lvov planners and the Kharkov professor were criticized strongly by purists who objected to the use of capitalist terms and even more to capitalist techniques.

The advocates of Soviet "firms" explained that the term came from the Latin, and was really more convenient than the term suggested by their opponents: "strengthened enterprise." They won, both on the name and on the substance of their idea. Within a few months, plans were ready for the consolidation of most of the factories in the Lvov area into fifty-five firms, which would be responsible for ninety per cent of the area's total industrial production. Even Khrushchev in his speech opening the plenum gave the "firms" his cautious blessing, referring to them as "promising and economically expedient" but at the same time warning against "mechanical, unconsidered mergers which could do more harm than good."

The question of "profit" has not been resolved so easily. Weeks of debate in *Pravda* reveal that almost everyone agrees that the present system rewards industrial executives for the wrong reasons, but opinion is divided about the value of profit as the major test of efficiency in an economy where prices are set artificially by the government.

Apparently opinion in top government circles is divided too, for Khrushchev has taken no specific position in this industrial debate. He has called on Soviet economists to "make a careful study of the proposals made during the recent debate in the press," and has suggested that "all good and reasonable proposals be used to improve planning." From this safe position he did point out that profit in a socialist economy is different from profit in a capitalist economy—a "useful indicator of a plant's efficiency" rather than the main aim of production.

One of Khrushchev's most forceful policies in the industrial field has been the all-out attack launched against "economic criminals." The case of the clandestine lipstick manufacturer is typical of what goes on in this illegal segment of the economy. He embezzled state lipstick-making machines, set them up in his basement, and ran a flourishing business. He was sentenced to death. Like the Georgian lettuce dealer, he may have been efficient, but he was ideologically doomed. Private enterprise and private property are "wrong" and "unprogressive." The attack is now to be intensified by a newly organized party state control commission headed by a former secret police chief, A. N. Shelepin.

THE SAME ideological approach mars Khrushchev's otherwise popular housing policy. He is proud that he has expanded housing construction, so that more than fifty million people have moved into the nine million new apartments built in the past four or five years. For Khrushchev, the only "progressive" type of housing, whether in the city or on the farm, is the apartment house, preferably five-story, made of prefabricated panels and built in long identical rows. The *izba*, with its private plot and all its individualist associations, must go. In its most recent housing decree the government announced stern measures to forbid the transfer of land or the allocation of materials to individuals who want to build small one-family wooden houses in the cities. Once again, the private builder may be more efficient, but efficiency is sacrificed to ideology. The housing shortage continues to be Problem No. 1 for many Soviet citizens.

Reforms that might encourage individual initiative and a market-oriented economy appear too radical either to the conservatives around Khrushchev or to the conservative strain within him. Instead he has chosen the more familiar path of administrative change. He has given to the men he trusts the most—his political colleagues—far-reaching control over the nation's economy. It is, of course, still too early to tell whether the reorganization goes deep enough to solve the economic problems of the Soviet Union.

'This Schizophrenia Business' Comes to the GOP

WARD S. JUST

WASHINGTON

THE NOVEMBER RETURNS brought little cheer to the Republican National Committee. Party leaders had hoped for sizable gains in the House of Representatives, but the Democrats held the line there and the Republicans had to find what comfort they could in a few gubernatorial races and in the surprising showing their candidates made in the South.

One explanation of the Republicans' new penetration in Dixie is simply that they tried harder this time. In 1962, Republicans fielded sixty-one candidates in 113 Southern districts—thirty-two more than in the last mid-term election. The effort paid off. Five new representatives were elected. In Alabama, a businessman nearly upset Senator Lister Hill. In Georgia, two Republicans were elected to the state senate for the first time since Reconstruction. These and other gains were not lost on the Republican leadership. I. Lee Potter, chief of the Grand Old Party's "Operation Dixie," called the gains "impressive" and the election itself "the most historic . . . of modern times in the South." Three weeks after the election, Potter presided over a most unusual event: a

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$100-a-plate Republican dinner in Jackson, Mississippi. And National Chairman William E. Miller promised that his party's Southern drive will become "increasingly intensive." He spoke of "a major penetration" of the South in 1964.

The joyous rhetoric was hardly surprising. But now that the celebration is over, a number of Republicans are wondering how much of the optimism is justified. The prospect of becoming a truly national party for the first time in history may turn out to be a mixed blessing.

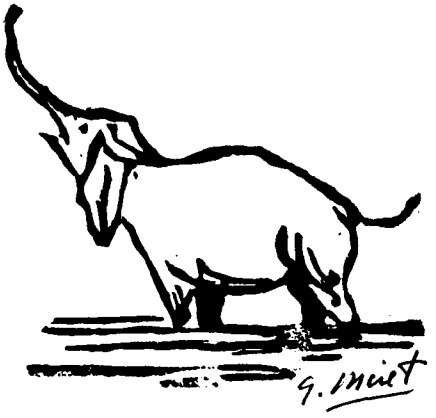
A 'Very Sensitive Area'

The nature of some of the problems that may lie ahead was suggested by New York's Jacob Javits, who, returning to Washington fresh from his million-vote triumph, told a press conference: "I feel the Republican Party should be the staunchest fighter for civil rights . . . I do not see that this role should be compromised by an effort to win the South on the basis of outsegregating the segregationists." Unlike the Democrats, Javits continued, Republicans still have a choice in the South. He went on to say that he would not cede the South to the Democrats, but would, if he were conducting the campaign, base the appeal on "the moderate position," which he defined as an undemagogic "effort to end discrimination and segregation in the Southern social system."

Senator Javits's pronouncement brought few cheers from the officials at the National Committee—not because they are in favor of segregation but because, as one of them put it, "This is a very, very sensitive area." But shortly thereafter another voice was added to the debate. A special issue of *Advance,* a journal generally identified with what is called Modern Republicanism, lit into the Republican leadership for its "celebration" of the Southern victory. "It diverts attention from the lessons of the Northern victories and defeats," said the editors. And the most important lesson was that by "hitching the party wagon to the falling star of segregation," the Republicans would destroy their chances for victory. *Advance* flatly charged that the election machinery of the party was "disproportionately geared to the right wing," and went on to remind its readers that forty-seven per cent of the Negro vote in the Oklahoma gubernatorial race had gone to the Republican winner, Henry Bellmon, and that Javits had carried New York City.

REACTION, if that is the word, was not long in coming. "Irresponsible and unfair," were the words of Representative Bob Wilson of California, head of the GOP Congressional Committee. Barry Goldwater was even more blunt. "These political wizards from Harvard," he said, referring to the fact that *Advance* is largely staffed by former residents of Cambridge, "didn't seem to realize that the greatest Republican gains in the last fifteen years have been in the South." Goldwater's irritation was understandable, since nearly all the winners in the South have been identified with his wing of the party.

National Chairman Miller was clearly upset. "We had no part in



selecting candidates," he remarked in an interview not long ago. "We had no part in the selection of Capehart or anyone else. That's the prerogative for state and local elections. We help elect them once they get selected. What did the National Committee have to do with selecting Javits in New York?" What the Republicans are trying to do, Miller explained, is advance the cause of the two-party system in the South. The "beachhead," he added, has been established, and any talk about surrendering it is "nonsense." And the Republicans ought to be able to get away with their schizophrenia just as easily as the Democrats do. "There should be no double standard," Miller insisted.

But the issue is sure to remain, and a good deal of the argumentation has been centered on the Martin-Hill Senate race in Alabama. Some of those participating in the post-mortems conclude that it was James D. Martin's effective (and well-financed) use of television that brought him within an eyelash of victory. Others cite external influences: Ted Pearson, a political writer for the Birmingham *News,* wrote that Martin was helped immeasurably by his efforts to associate Hill with the national administration at the height of the crisis in Oxford, Mississippi. "Are you tired of being represented in the Senate by a man who has stood silent and voiceless while the Washington steamrollers are striking at our state liberties?" demanded an ad in the Jacksonville, Albama, *News.* And the fourth item in a six-point program outlined in an ad in the Florence, Alabama, *Herald* on November 1 promised "vigorous action . . . to forestall collusion between the government and the NAACP to integrate schools, unions, and neighborhoods." Ralph McGill, editor of the Atlanta *Constitution,* called the Martin campaign indistinguishable from the typical Dixiecrat-racist appeal.

Martin has been nothing if not explicit about his future plans. In late November, he held a press conference in Washington at which he took bitter issue with Senator Javits. "Whether Jack Javits likes it or not," Martin said, "there is going to be a Southern Republican Party." He predicted that the right kind of Republican could win the South in 1964. And who was that man? "The man I heard discussed most was Senator Barry Goldwater." What about Rockefeller? "Mr. Rocky-feller," said Martin, "is not popular in the South."

Martin argued that his brand of Republicanism—strong states' rights and economic conservatism—was abuilding in Dixie, and no one, least of all Senator Javits, was going to stop it. "Men like Jack Javits are automatically enemies of the South," he declared. What is the Republican message? "Honesty—instead of demagoguery like Jack Javits'."

The South, it might appear, lies like ripe cheese on the Republican platter. (One political analyst in the White House has conceded that while he does not expect a Republi-

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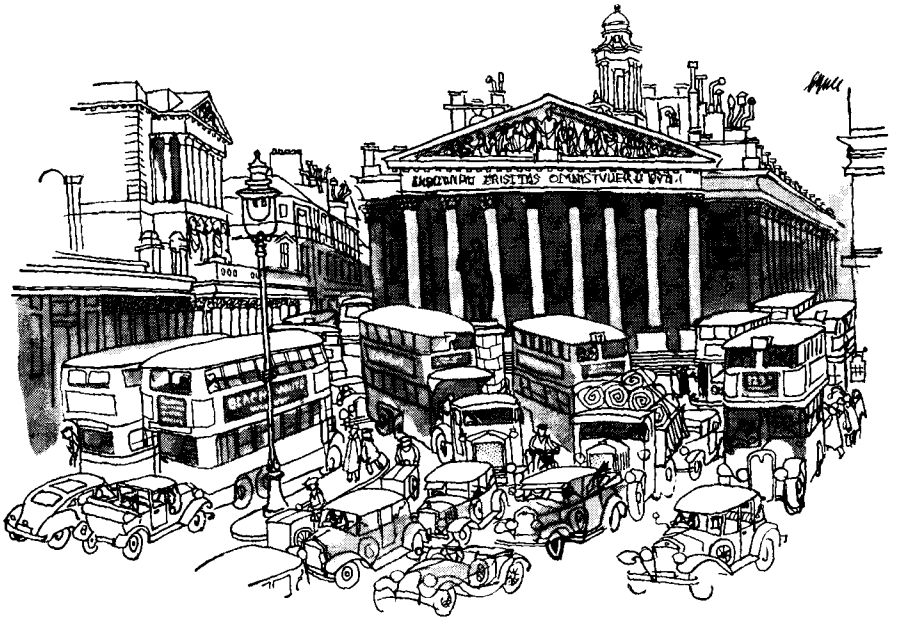
can sweep, only two states of the Deep South are "absolutely certain" for the Democrats in 1964: Georgia and Arkansas. Mississippi is likely to go either for Ross Barnett or "uninstructed" in an effort to hold the decisive votes in a close election.) And yet many Republicans suspect that the cheese may be the bait in a political trap. The pros shrug off all questions about 1964 with the admonition that it will be "up to the candidate." No one has forgotten Nixon's indecision in 1960, when he remained silent during the jailing of Martin Luther King. Mr. Kennedy made the sympathetic telephone call to Mrs. King, received a grateful acknowledgment, and for his trouble got the votes of both New York Negroes and Southern segregationists.

Such a decision must inevitably be made by the party's Presidential candidate. And with fifty more or less autonomous state parties, the national party is practically helpless in the periods between Presidential elections anyway. The Republicans suffer a further disadvantage. Democrats are split North and South; Republicans are split within states. There is no special regional character to Republican archconservatism other than its generally rural nature. In most states, there are conservative and liberal factions within the party that are constantly at odds with each other.

In the absence of strong leadership at the top, there seems little doubt that the Republicans will increasingly find themselves drawn into what one prominent Democrat has described as "this schizophrenia business." The White House, for what it's worth, is not particularly concerned when a Dixiecrat is deposed by a Republican. The administration is convinced that in crucial areas like Atlanta, the Democratic Party is moving with the times and, despite short-run losses, will eventually come out on top. For the Republicans the issue seems to be not whether they will move down South, but how. Will the GOP find itself, in the words of *Advance*, "hitching the party wagon to the falling star of segregation"? There is a growing fear among a number of Republicans that, if it does, the party of Lincoln could renounce its legacy at a moment of great opportunity.



British Politics In the Shadow of Europe

CLAIRE STERLING

LONDON

IT IS WELL OVER a year now since the British government decided to apply for membership in the Common Market. The decision, made after four years of painful irresolution, was a victory of logic over sentiment to which by no means all Britons are reconciled. The battle for and against entry is still going strong here, and it is going badly these days for the pro-Market forces. But if nothing else is certain, there is no doubt about who is most determined to win. Harold Macmillan is going to win if it's the last thing he does as prime minister. And it may be.

This has been a long and lonely campaign for Macmillan. In the snug Victorian atmosphere still hovering over England, few of the prime minister's colleagues have been willing to recognize, until very late in the day, that the United Kingdom's once dominant role in international affairs has been diminishing steadily; its once mighty industries, now growing by only 2.8 per cent annually (against nearly six per cent for the Common Market), are failing to keep abreast of the times, and its once flourishing trade with the Commonwealth is in a steep decline. Where fifty-five per cent of Australia's exports had gone to Britain in 1937, for instance, under thirty per cent go there now, while the figures for Canada and Pakistan have dropped to sixteen per cent and fourteen per cent respectively. What's more, with the newer Commonwealth countries all striving to develop their own industries, Britain is bound to lose them eventually as markets for the simpler manufactured goods, making necessary a concentration on more sophisticated industry requiring massive capital and a continental-sized market. As things stand now, Britain has little hope of finding such capital or of keeping pace with the prodigiously expanding Common Market. There is not even any hope of keeping up with it in helping the poorer Commonwealth countries. West Germany alone gave more financial aid to India than the British did last year, while the Six together have contributed twice as much as Britain to India's and Pakistan's current Five-year Plans.

To men like Macmillan, the con-

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clusion has long seemed inevitable: Britain must either join the Common Market or renounce whatever remaining claim it has to being a great world power. But it is only with the greatest difficulty that other British leaders have faced the issue.

THE FATE of the Commonwealth is not really the heart of this matter. It is certainly an important question, since the British would be obliged, as members of the Common Market, to impose an external tariff on Commonwealth goods now entering the United Kingdom duty-free. Nevertheless, Common Market negotiators have already offered exemption from this rule, in the form of associated membership, for about seventy million Commonwealth subjects in eight African and Caribbean states and for nearly all the dependencies. They have also offered a special agreement for New Zealand, world commodity agreements for products like Canadian and Australian wheat, and a guaranteed increase in imports from India and Pakistan. While that assuredly doesn't settle all the problems, Britain would probably be far better able to protect Commonwealth interests in the long run as a member, rather than a rival, of the fastest-growing and already the biggest trading entity on earth. And when pressed, a fair-minded Englishman will admit it.

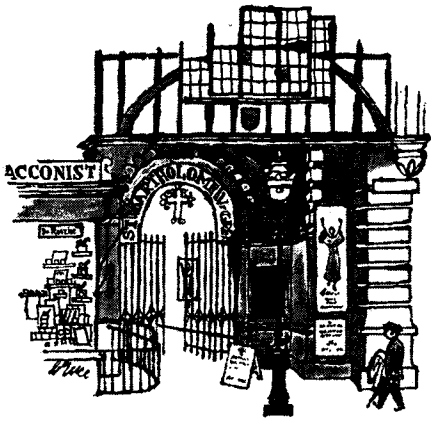
More bothersome is the idea of welding Britain economically, socially, and above all politically to a Continent which, though it lies just twenty miles across the Channel, is generally regarded here as a remote, disordered, and unhealthy alien area worthy of the deepest distrust. The fact that this area is swiftly outstripping Britain in wealth, power, trade, diplomacy, and prestige has helped to dislodge this conviction. But it is still deeply embedded in the souls of Englishmen everywhere—at Labour's Transport House or in Whitehall, in both Houses of Parliament, and in any pub.

For all Macmillan's efforts, therefore, it was not until a few weeks ago that he had any assurance of carrying his own Conservative Party, let alone the nation, on the issue of joining Europe. What success he has had has come about less because so many Tories really want to join than because Labour has announced that it doesn't.

When this chapter of history is written, Hugh Gaitskell may well emerge as the man most responsible for leading Britain into Europe by his impassioned speech against it at a Labour Party conference in October. The Conservatives had been threatening Macmillan with revolt before Gaitskell spoke, but barely a week later a cheering Conservative conference endorsed Britain's entry into Europe with only about forty delegates opposed out of more than four thousand.

The difference in tone between these two conferences was striking. At Labour's meeting, Gaitskell's speech was heavy with patriotic nostalgia: "When people ask what New Zealand, Australia, and Canada ever did for us," he said, "I remember that they came to our aid at once in two world wars. We, at least, do not intend to forget Vimy Ridge and Gallipoli. . . . If we go into this, we are no more than a state in the United States of Europe, such as Texas or California. . . . It means the end of Britain as an independent nation. It means the end of the Commonwealth. It means the end of a thousand years of history."

In contrast, the Conservative gathering exuded youthful optimism.



The prospect of changing Britain's whole way of life by entering Europe did not seem to daunt the crustiest Tories. Even cabinet ministers like "Rab" Butler, who had always been cool toward the Common Market, spoke with radiant hope and conviction. "I have not the time to deal adequately with Mr. Gaitskell's passionately backward looking speech," said Butler. "For the Socialists, a thousand years of history books. For us, the future."

No doubt Butler was thinking of the future in electoral terms, and probably, in his way, Gaitskell was too. Since no public-opinion poll has yet registered a significant majority either for or against joining Europe, both parties were evidently reaching out for the undecided voters. But they were not reaching for the same *kind* of voters.

'A Mad Sort of Army for Hugh'

In a recent study of public-opinion polls on the Common Market issue, the *Economist* discovered that a sizable majority of Englishmen between the ages of twenty-one and forty-five were for entry; a bigger majority of those over forty-five were against; most white-collar workers and a large majority of those earning more than $3,500 a year were for; a substantial majority of unskilled workers were against; a majority with a full education past the age of sixteen were for; and a majority with less schooling were against. If Gaitskell should try to fight an election on an anti-Common Market platform, said the *Economist*, he would be "opposed by a majority of the young people, a majority of the educated people and a majority of the unjingoistic people in the country," and supported by Lord Beaverbrook's *Daily Express*, the *Daily Worker*, and the very alliance that had been Toryism's bedrock in olden days: the "elderly upper classes and the blunt old traditionalist unskilled labourer class—the sort of people who instinctively believe that 'wogs begin at Calais.'" This was "a mad sort of army for Hugh Gaitskell to think of leading into an election," the *Economist* concluded, adding that it was not one he could lead for long. "The softly traditionalist anti-marketeers would melt away as soon as we actually joined Europe," it pointed out, "for being pro-market would then become the softly traditionalist thing to be."

If this situation suggests a striking reversal in the traditional roles of Britain's two major parties, there is much to confirm it. The Conservative Party, says its chairman of research, Sir Michael Fraser, "has traditionally projected the image of a huge and apparently motionless ar-

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mor-plated mastodon. Yet, it moves." Unhampered by ideological baggage, its eyes fixed on the single objective of governmental power, it has attracted many voters in these last eleven years of rule by adapting itself, in however lumbering a fashion, to several revolutionary changes: early acceptance of low-tariff policies under the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (GATT), graceful withdrawal from Africa (not counting Rhodesia), the abolition of capital and corporal punishment, and now the Common Market.

Labour, on the other hand, has been unable to recover the dynamism it lost even before it fell from power in 1951. Unlike the Conservatives, the Labourites are hampered by old-fashioned ideological baggage, and by a curious will-lessness when faced with the prospect of winning an election. The driving force in the Labour Party is the Trades Union Congress, after all; and as one of its high officials has confided, the TUC doesn't really care much which party is running Whitehall: "What we care about is having our own power in industry, and we already *have* it." In approaching the electorate, therefore, the Labour Party doesn't necessarily aim at the young or dynamic voter but rather at any voter ready to accept the Socialists'—the British Socialists'—views. For various reasons, these views have tended more and more to become those of a littler and littler England.

ONE REASON is the postwar change in the composition of the Commonwealth. Essentially a conservative white man's club in the 1930's, it has grown into a far less exclusive gathering of white, black, brown, and yellow nations which for the most part are not only neutralist but Socialist in leanings. The change has frightened many Tories away: quite a few, notes the *Observer*, see Europe now as a "precautionary Custer's Last Stand against the coloured races." But it has made the Commonwealth a matter of absorbing interest to the Labour Party, which, in its anxiety not to offend the new Commonwealth's leaders, has frequently ended by adopting their often unworldly and almost always sectarian judgments as its own. If Nehru had not warned the Commonwealth prime ministers in early September that the Common Market was a grave threat to world peace as an arm of the Atlantic Alliance, many suspect that Gaitskell—who is all for the Atlantic Alliance personally—might never have made that speech of his a few weeks later.

At the same time, there has been a considerable change in the composition of the Labour Party itself. Where it was once the home of most British intellectuals and progressive middle-class voters, many of these, especially the younger ones, have been lured away in the last decade by the rejuvenated Conservatives or the radical but not doctrinaire Liberals; and the educated, highly skilled workers who had been the backbone of the party's organizational apparatus are gradually being re-

placed by semi- or unskilled laborers. The insularity prevailing among such workers is typified by the Transport Workers' Frank Cousins. Few of these workers have any notion that the social-insurance system bequeathed to them by a Labour government just after the war represented a far less radical change than the one given to pre-war France by Léon Blum's Popular Front or to Imperial Germany by Bismarck; and few, too, are likely to be stirred by the dramatic experiment in internationalism going on across the Channel, not to speak of the self-searching reappraisal taking place in Britain itself.

It isn't surprising, then, that the Tories' Sir Michael Fraser should talk without batting an eye of Labour's "intense conservatism," which he and many others consider the main cause of its having lost three general elections in a row. What is surprising is that Gaitskell, chosen as the man best able to modernize the party after the disastrous 1955 election, should be aligned now with its least modern and most dogmatic wing. Having only recently risked his career to fight down the unilateral-disarmament enthusiasts led by Frank Cousins, Gaitskell can hardly be comforted by the knowledge that Cousins's union has just financed the printing of a million copies of his anti-Market speech.

The Socialist Schism

If Gaitskell's stand astonished the left-wing Socialists, his closest collaborators in Labour's right wing were shocked numb by it, and so was every Socialist leader in Western Europe, from the dedicated European Paul-Henri Spaak to Italy's neutralist Pietro Nenni. Whatever their ideological differences, all the Socialists in the six Common Market countries have been desperately anxious to get Britain into Europe so as to ensure an outward-looking course for the European Economic Community both in international politics and in trade. They had not expected Gaitskell to become an intrepid champion of this cause—Spaak quarreled so furiously with him on the subject last July that the two men are hardly on speaking terms—but neither had they expected him to become so forthright an opponent as to prejudice, and perhaps destroy, any chance of British entry.

Until October that had certainly not been Labour's intention. Though the party had never taken an unequivocal stand in favor of the Common Market, it did give cautious support to the government's initial application for membership. A majority of the TUC executive (mostly representing skilled workers) was for it; and except for an extremist minority that sees the Market as an anti-Soviet plot, the party's own leadership had been either carefully uncommitted, like Gaitskell, or, like deputy leader George Brown and Roy Jenkins, wholeheartedly for entry. Even the policy statement prepared for the party conference, calling for much better terms than those so far offered in Brussels, had not rejected the project outright. Where that statement simply listed some

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extremely stringent conditions that would make entry into Europe acceptable, Gaitskell's speech was an emotional appeal for total renunciation. It clearly carried Labour much farther than it was prepared to go; and when George Brown rose to second the speech in the interests of party unity, he did so with a heavy heart. "The tragedy of not joining Europe may have to be faced," he said. "But, brothers, do not let it go out from a gathering of Socialists that we thought that would be a wonderful thing."

It is often suggested that Gaitskell's speech was inspired by base electoral motives, which may be partly true. Yet it is plain—even more from his private than his public statements—that he was also speaking from deep personal conviction. For Gaitskell, too, the overriding question does not appear to be the Commonwealth. True, he is of a distinguished family of colonial administrators, and he was unquestionably shaken by the Commonwealth prime ministers' sharp attacks on entry at their conference here in September. But the six Common Market countries are making a special effort to avoid damaging the economic interests of the new African and Asian Commonwealth states, which are the very ones Gaitskell cares most about. It is also hard to deny that India, for instance, has a better chance of selling cheap cotton textiles to a Common Market with Britain in it than to Britain alone. The imports of these cottons have nearly ruined the British textile industry already, even under existing British quotas. The same Labour conference that endorsed Gaitskell's anti-Market speech also unanimously endorsed a resolution, sponsored by the Lancashire textile workers, demanding much stiffer quotas for such imports.

But it is the complex issue of political union with Europe that bothers Gaitskell most, not because he is the kind of Englishman who invariably vacations in Devon or Dorset—he usually spends his holidays in Portofino or Dubrovnik—but because the nature and aspirations of such a united Europe would be very different from his own. For one thing, it would not only include de Gaulle and Adenauer, whom he and a lot of other people here dislike, but also would be composed mainly of countries whose parliamentary traditions are much less deep-rooted than Britain's. For another, its population would be substantially Roman Catholic, making it susceptible to a Papal influence from which Anglican England habitually shrinks. Furthermore, it would be likely to emerge as a third force, between America and the Soviet bloc, with its own nationalist drives and its own atomic deterrent—something Gaitskell thinks we Americans ought to dislike too. He feels this would concentrate western energies in the wrong place, since the most urgent question today, in his view, is not the European countries' relations with each other but their relations with the Soviet Union and the world's new colored nations. Finally, he is convinced that this united Europe, founded on aggressive free enterprise, would have little room in it for classical socialism. For the British Labour Party, therefore, it would be a dead end.

The Battle of Brussels

Many of these apprehensions are shared by Englishmen of all political persuasions. But while some conclude that Britain can join Europe only at mortal risk to its democratic institutions, others argue that membership would greatly strengthen *Europe's* democratic institutions, whereas remaining aloof from a federation of uncertain political allegiance would make the risk for Britain no less mortal. "Twice in my lifetime we have paid the price of war," Britain's chief negotiator in Brussels, Edward Heath, has said, "and more and more I ask myself why. I think a large part of the answer is that we did not accept the need for Britain to be involved in European affairs until it was too late. Mr. Gaitskell has talked of reversing a thousand years of history. If we can reverse the last five hundred years of strife between European countries, let us put that behind us, and put it behind for good."

This is a brave profession of faith coming from Heath, who probably knows better than anyone what immense difficulties Britain is facing in Europe – and how immeasurably Gaitskell has added to them. From the time Heath opened negotiations with the Six, he has been fighting a subtle and wearing diplomatic duel with the French and Germans, who often seem determined to avoid sharing their power in Europe by making the conditions of Britain's entry as harsh and uninviting as possible. He has not done badly until now: according to the *Economist,* the terms he has won so far are "slightly better for the white Commonwealth and very much better for the coloured Commonwealth than anybody dared to expect a year ago." But the French line particularly has stiffened since early fall. The terms now are not so much being offered as dictated. Some of them, especially in regard to agriculture, reflect a spirit of French protectionism that could be highly damaging not only to Britain but to many other nations both in and out of the Common Market, including our own. Even with a united Britain behind him, therefore, Heath would not find it easy to see these negotiations through. As it is, he is in the nearly impossible position of speaking officially for only one political party while Britain's other major party is pulling against him and even threatening to repudiate whatever agreement he might reach when and if it wins an election. A less determined man might well pack up and go home.

There are no signs as yet that Heath will do this, or that Macmillan would permit it. The prime minister is reportedly still bent on concluding an agreement in Brussels and getting it ratified by a Parliament in which he can still count on a safe Conservative majority. But it will take a lot of political courage to do that without first calling the elections Gaitskell demands.

Actually, Gaitskell's case for an early election on the Common Market issue isn't nearly as strong as it sounds. There has never been any strong evidence that a majority of British voters are against joining Europe. Whether because of or in spite of Gaitskell's stand, in fact, a public-opinion poll taken within the month of his speech showed a rise in pro-Market sentiment from 40.8 per cent to 47.6 per cent, and a drop

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in anti-Market sentiment from 45.9 per cent to 40.1 per cent. Even the five by-elections that caused such a stir here in late November offered no conclusive proof on this point either way. The Conservatives did suffer stunning vote losses in these formerly safe constituencies. But in all five instances, the staunchly pro-Market Liberal Party's share of the poll increased by amounts ranging up to 19.3 per cent. In four of the contests Labour's vote fell with that of Tories, though not nearly so far as in 1959; and in only one did Labour score even a small gain—2.2 per cent. Of the two seats that Labour did win, only one—where a dissident anti-Market Tory candidate drained off a quarter of his own party's protest votes—was clearly carried on an anti-Europe platform. The other fell to Labour because of spreading unemployment in Glasgow. It can hardly be said, therefore, that these by-elections have demonstrated a widespread popular dislike for Macmillan's policies in Europe. They have simply proved what everyone has known for a long time: that British voters in general are getting increasingly restless after eleven years of Tory rule.

Naturally, this doesn't ease Macmillan's burden. The Common Market is still a highly controversial question here, and a prime minister whose political strength is deteriorating visibly cannot press a question of such import through Parliament without a rousing political storm. Nevertheless, Macmillan does have a Conservative majority of a hundred seats in this Parliament; he can be quite sure of a disciplined party vote on this issue, despite the rumbling from some backbenchers; and since he is not constitutionally obliged to call a national election for another two years, he is entitled —at least legally—to get a Common Market treaty ratified by this Parliament without holding an election at any time between now and October, 1964.

No one who knows Macmillan doubts that he will do this if he can. What they are beginning to wonder is whether he can survive the French-German onslaught in Brussels—and survive long enough as prime minister—to fulfill this crowning purpose of his career.

Forces That Helped De Gaulle to Victory

EDMOND TAYLOR

PARIS

GENERAL DE GAULLE'S astonishing triumph in the recent French legislative elections, ushering in a new, probably accelerated phase of the Gaullist revolution, represents a major if not yet final victory over the forces of the past. "I settled that question all by myself, just as I did the Algerian one," the general is quoted as having remarked, apropos his successful offensive to shatter the chief remaining bastions of traditional political power that the Third and Fourth Republics had bequeathed to the Fifth. "I must admit, however, that the parties made things remarkably easy for me."

Like many of the anecdotes about de Gaulle that circulate around newspaper offices and parliamentary salons in Paris, this one, printed by the right-wing Gaullist weekly *Candide,* may be apocryphal, but it points up a significant factor underlying the series of upheavals that have transformed the French political landscape since the constitutional referendum of October 28. Throughout these fevered and at moments dramatic weeks, de Gaulle's adversaries, the leaders of what he scornfully called "the parties of yesteryear," have piled blunder upon blunder. In trying to resist the winds of political change, the chiefs of the French opposition twisted themselves into caricatures even more grotesque than those sketched for them in Gaullist campaign propaganda. The masterpiece was achieved by the former premier and Socialist leader Guy Mollet, a leading French defender of U.S. foreign policy, one of the last-minute artisans of de Gaulle's return to power in 1958, and perhaps the country's most prominent anti-Communist, whose cynical appeal for Communist support in the second round of the elections rescued the Popular Front from the junk yard of history and raised Communist strength in the National Assembly from ten to forty-one.

Mollet's maneuver saved his seat in the National Assembly after he had been defeated by the Gaullist candidate in his home town of Arras, and probably saved his job as secretary-general of the Socialist Party by converting the widespread rout of anti-Gaullist parties into a limited victory for his own group. (The Socialists increased their representation in the National Assembly from forty-three to sixty-seven seats, about forty of them won with Communist votes.)

But the blatant opportunism of

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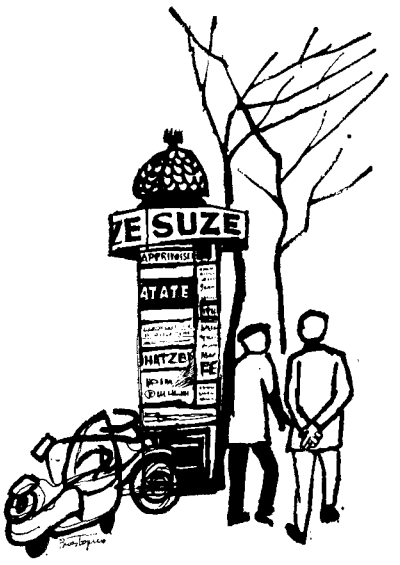
Mollet's strategy, along with some only slightly less flagrant examples in other opposition parties, disgusted many French voters, particularly on the Right, and thereby contributed in no small measure to a Gaullist electoral victory whose size surprised all the experts, including the Gaullist ones. Above all, the *fin de siècle* climate surrounding the opposition campaign, for which Mollet was chiefly responsible, was a major factor in starting the breakdown of the old-time political parties. And this is exactly what de Gaulle considers necessary as a prelude to the creation of two or three stable political formations. Already one former giant of the French political scene, the party of Independents and Peasants once headed by former Premier Antoine Pinay, has collapsed and split, with the larger fragment, the newly formed Independent Republicans led by Finance Minister Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, now forming part of the unprecedented Gaullist majority in the new Assembly. Other splits and realignments are likely, including perhaps the early disintegration of Mollet's new Democratic Front.

An especially paradoxical feature of the anti-Gaullist debacle is that many opposition leaders have long been as conscious of the need for a complete regrouping of French political forces as de Gaulle himself, and that their attempt to bring it about was probably the chief cause of their disaster at the polls. This seems to have been particularly true of the Independents. "Our electoral alliances defeated us," Bertrand Motte, the former parliamentary leader of the Independents and one of the moving spirits behind the Democratic Front of Independents, Socialists, Radicals, and the Catholic MRP, confessed to a French reporter after he had been outdistanced by an unimpressive Gaullist candidate in the first round at Lille. "What a mistake we made! The voters would not go along with us because they didn't understand and weren't interested. All they could make out was that we seemed to be systematically opposed to de Gaulle. Yet in my mind the Democratic Front was a constructive attempt to lay the foundations for a new majority. The leaders could agree to

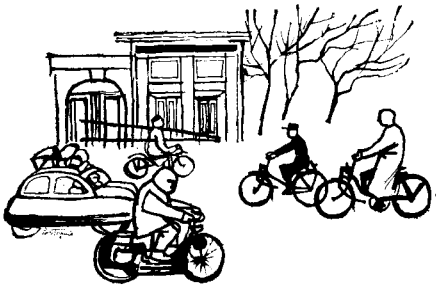


work together but the masses could not possibly follow. A convinced Socialist in the north cannot conceive of himself voting for a Motte who in his mind belongs to the 'Two Hundred Families.' Pinay could urge Guy Mollet's election, but his followers couldn't bring themselves to vote for a Socialist."

The Socialist leadership encountered the same difficulty in trying to convince left-wing voters that a liberal-minded conservative like Motte —and in some cases a plain reactionary or an OAS sympathizer—was less of a threat to the Republic than a Gaullist.

In the Name of Europe

The major bond that united the anti-Gaullist leaders and led them to form the Democratic Front was their attachment to the Atlantic Alliance and to the cause of European unity. To men like Motte, the fact that a candidate was a firm "Atlanticist" and a staunch "European" seemed more important than whether he favored free enterprise or a planned economy, provided he avoided extremes in either direction. Some non-doctrinaire Socialists like Mollet discovered that they had much the same outlook. Thus the Democratic Front was in certain respects an embryonic merger of the traditional Center-Right and Center-Left political formations into a new French political party that was neither Left nor Right but European and Atlantic.



The Front was born last January at the so-called *"déjeuner de l'Alma,"* an intimate political luncheon party bringing together the right and left wings of the anti-Gaullist opposition, and organized by Pierre Uri, a well-known international banker and former associate of Jean Monnet. Since its participants were greatly concerned with the problem of de Gaulle's succession at a time when the president was locked in what seemed to many an uncertain struggle with the OAS, the discussions inevitably were surrounded with an aura of intrigue that the Gaullists were able to exploit. The concept of European unity favored by the leaders of the Democratic Front was Jean Monnet's doctrine of a tightly integrated, supranational Europe in partnership with the United States. With some qualifications, this concept also happens to be that of the State Department. A close-knit ideological sect and the organized interests of a powerful international lobby were backing it. But the Front's electoral propaganda failed to convince the average French voter that this concept of Europe was preferable to the Gaullist dream of a Europe based on Franco-German partnership, with France as the senior partner. And after de Gaulle's visit to West Germany last September had dramatized his role as the champion of Franco-German reconciliation, it was virtually impossible for the Front's campaign orators to put across the image of de Gaulle as a saboteur of European unity.

The Democratic Front propaganda attacking de Gaulle for what Guy Mollet in a speech last summer termed his "Americanophobia" backfired in much the same way. Several of the Front's leaders had ended by convincing themselves that de Gaulle's policies, particularly his insistence on developing a French nuclear deterrent, were about to wreck the Atlantic Alliance and pro-

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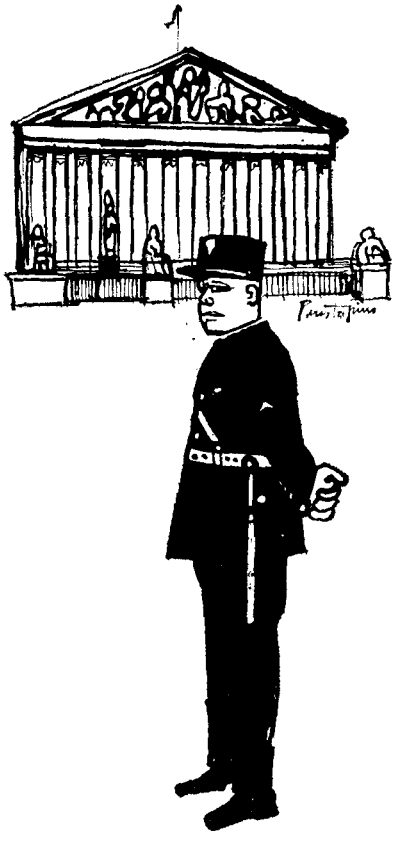
duce an isolationist revulsion in America. In opposing these policies they viewed themselves as crusaders in a cause so holy that its defenders would enjoy a sort of blanket absolution for any lapses from normal democratic standards of responsible leadership that they might commit in the heat of battle.

At first a steady stream of more or less inspired American press comment and of more or less calculated leaks by Kennedy administration officials in Washington encouraged the anti-Gaullist French politicians in their self-imposed roles as paladins of Atlantic unity. "In addition to the justified fears of the old parties that they were being pushed into oblivion," remarked Jacques Gagliardi, a left-wing neo-nationalist writing in *Le Monde*, "shouldn't one include among the reasons for their mutiny certain discreet suggestions from London, from Washington, perhaps even from Brussels? Since the debacle of the 'Atlanticists' this question is being asked here and there." Gradually, however, the increasing flexibility and realism of the administration's European policy, especially after Presidential adviser McGeorge Bundy's European swing in October, made the Democratic Front leaders look rather foolish. On the eve of the referendum one of the more highly placed leaders of the Front complained at an informal lunch with a group of American correspondents that the Kennedy administration was letting down its French friends by allowing stories to leak into the press that we might agree to sell de Gaulle an atomic submarine. The Cuban crisis, which saw the alleged wrecker of the Alliance line up instantly and publicly behind his American ally, was a new and far graver blow to the anti-Gaullist crusade.

IT WAS Mollet himself, of course, who delivered the coup de grâce to the "Atlanticist" crusade—and to the Democratic Front itself—by declaring in a radio debate a few days before the first round of the elections that in any contest where a Communist and a Gaullist led the balloting he would recommend voting for the Communist in the runoff. The most gullible or fanatical French voter could not be expected to believe that electing a Communist parliament instead of a Gaullist one would somehow strengthen Atlantic solidarity.

The irony, not to say grotesqueness, of the Socialist predicament was neatly pointed up by the electoral situation in Moulins, a city on the upper Loire, where Robert Marjolin, vice-president of the European Economic Community's executive commission in Brussels, was running as a Socialist candidate against a Gaullist, a locally prominent Independent, and a Communist. As a newcomer to politics, a nondoctrinaire



Socialist, and in a sense the representative of Europe's future, the youthful-looking, dynamic Marjolin appealed to many citizens of the town who do not normally vote Socialist. The combination of local tradition and of the nation-wide Gaullist groundswell was too much for him, however; he polled 5,292 votes in the first round, coming in fourth, while the Communist led his UNR opponent by less than a thousand votes. If Marjolin, in line with the anti-Communist discipline of former years, had urged his supporters to switch to the Gaullist candidate in the runoff, the latter would almost certainly have won. Instead, on orders from the Socialist Party machine, he withdrew with a vaguely worded statement that led his followers to split three ways, As a result the Communist predictably won in the second round by a margin of some eighteen hundred votes.

Mollet continued to seek Communist support even while declaring in an interview given the New York *Times* that despite appearances ". . . there is no alliance between Socialists and Communists in France . . . We are not neutralists." French Socialists, Mollet declared in various other statements, were as vigilant as ever in regard to the Communist menace, but they were accustomed to drawing up in their minds clear cut "hierarchies of peril," and the Communists for the time being stood low on the list while the threat of "personal power" topped it.

While the Cuban crisis had favored de Gaulle in the October referendum, the subsequent euphoric international climate undoubtedly made it easier for the Socialist bosses to put across the argument that there was no longer any danger in a little innocent fraternizing with the Communists. Moreover, the contrast between Washington's earlier interventions on the French domestic political scene, which fostered opposition to de Gaulle's foreign and defense policies, and the aloof correctness of the administration's attitude toward the new Popular Front shaping up in France may have encouraged some Socialist leaders in the comfortable view that their electoral escapade was regarded on the other side of the Atlantic as a peccadillo rather than as a real betrayal.

The Socialist Strategy

Mollet's dialectical gyrations would have attracted less attention if he had not so largely built up his political career for the last fifteen years as an implacable anti-Communist. He is the author of the famous slogan that "the French Communists are not Left but simply East." Despite all the verbal precautions and qualifications with which Mollet hedged his appeal for an electoral Popular Front, the Communists and their allies were quick to realize its sensational implications coming from such a quarter. "Even if the anti-Communism which for the last

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fifteen years has been the cornerstone of Guy Mollet's policies remains intact," observed the fellow-traveling Paris daily *Libération*, "to hear the secretary-general of the French Socialist Party admit that in certain circumstances it is the duty of the whole Left, without any exceptions, to defend the cause of democracy is an event whose importance should not be underestimated."

The reaction of shock, incredulity, and indignation was naturally strongest among normally right-wing voters. At first Pinay, Motte, and other conservative leaders tried to minimize the gravity of their Socialist allies' flirtation with the Communists by suggesting that Mollet had not really meant what he said. But day after day the implications of his words became clearer. When the first-round count showed Mollet trailing behind the obscure Gaullist candidate in his northern stronghold of Arras, the Communist withdrew and called on his supporters to vote for the Socialist candidate. Just before the end of the campaign Etienne Fajon, a leading member of the Communist Party politburo in France, journeyed to Arras to address a mass meeting urging all good Communists to come to the aid of "Comrade Guy Mollet." The same evening in Paris, Mollet on a radio program with other political leaders tried to justify his policy by declaring that the election of thirty or forty Communists to the National Assembly would not be serious, while electing that many additional Gaullists might prove "fatal to the representative system in France."

Formal contracts for mutual support were signed between the Socialist and Communist departmental federations in several key areas, and there were massive Communist withdrawals of candidates all over the country in favor of Socialist, Radical, and in a few cases even Catholic or Independent candidates. (One of the latter, finally elected with Communist help, was the venerable right-wing mayor of Dijon, Canon Félix Kir, a noted Catholic prelate.) Worst of all, at several places in the south, joint Communist-Socialist electoral rallies were addressed by prominent members of both parties.

All this was finally too much for the conservative leaders of the Democratic Front. Pinay and Motte issued statements flatly opposed to the Socialist strategy, calling on their followers to vote for any national candidate, including Gaullists, rather than let a Communist get in. In many districts the Independent candidates were withdrawn to leave the Gaullists a clear field against their Popular Front adversaries. Motte himself set the example by withdrawing in Lille, where he was running behind the Gaullist, instead of staying in the race like Mollet and accepting Communist support. Even some Socialists found Mollet's electoral demagogy too strong for their stomachs. Gaston Defferre, mayor and Socialist boss of Marseilles, publicly spurned a local pact offered by

the Communists. The gesture did not keep the Communists from helping to vote in Defferre over his Gaullist opponent, but to punish him they let his faithful lieutenant Francis Leenhardt, the Socialist floor leader in the last National Assembly, go down to defeat in another Marseilles precinct. (Three Socialists, three Communists, and a Gaullist were finally elected in Marseilles.)

THE GAULLIST victory in the final round of the elections was from some viewpoints less impressive—and less healthy—than it had seemed in the first round. The relatively high Communist vote—about 3.2 million in the first round and close to four million in the second—seems a disturbing anomaly in a nation as prosperous as France. The rise in the percentage of Gaullist votes between the two rounds from 31.9 per cent to the record-breaking figure of 40.5 per cent seems to have been achieved mainly at the expense of the Right and Center-Right groups. The injection of the Popular Front issue into the campaign not only polarized electoral sentiment but also tended to polarize it as between Right and Left rather than as between Gaullist and non-Gaullist. Right-wing voters, whether pro-Gaullist or not, responded with unusual discipline to injunctions from their leaders to stop the Communists at any cost. On the Left, as *Le Monde* remarked, "understandings of the Popular Front type operated to the fullest extent" among Communist, Socialist, and to some extent Radical voters. (The continued high level of abstentions, nearly twenty-eight per cent on the second round, doubtless reflected some disaffection on the part of left-wing as well as right-wing voters, however.) In many districts the final vote was extremely close, reflecting, according to *Le Monde*, a division of French opinion into two big and nearly equal blocs. Analysis of last-round results shows about 7.5 million voting Left while the combined vote of the Gaullists and the anti-Gaullist Right was about nine million.

The final result, in terms of Assembly seats gained and lost, was thus somewhat misleading. Owing to their tactical errors both the Independents and the Catholic MRP suffered crushing defeats. (One of the costliest errors of the Right was its occasional flirtations with the *Algérie Française* extreme Right, which was annihilated as a political force.) The Independents dropped from 103 in the National Assembly to fifty, of whom thirty-three have joined the new Independent Republican group that ran in the elections with the endorsement of André Malraux' Association for the Fifth Republic. The MRP—which at one time seemed next to the UNR the most modern and dynamic party in France—also fared badly, dropping from fifty-seven to thirty-eight seats, of which seven are held by pro-Gaullists. Both groups are hopelessly overshadowed by the UNR (the left-wing Gaullists, of whom about twenty were elected, do not sit in the Assembly as a separate group), with its unheard-of total of 234 seats, only eight short of an absolute majority.

On the other hand, thanks to the efficiency of the Popular Front electoral machinery, not only Socialists

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and Communists but Radicals—who in a dignified way played both sides of the street—and various splinter movements of the Center-Left emerged from the ordeal with slight increases in their parliamentary representation that give an exaggerated idea of the public favor they continue to enjoy.

A Free Hand for Progress

Already the leftist coalition that emerged from the ballot boxes is feeling the tug of contradictory tendencies. The Communists make no secret of their determination to encourage the development of a permanent Popular Front bloc in the Assembly and throughout the nation. A certain number of left-wing Socialists, especially those recently elected with Communist help, appear ready to go along with them. But other Socialists and many Radicals dream instead of launching a new Center-Left mass party comparable to the British Labour Party. Mollet himself, now that he no longer needs Communist votes, seems to favor this formula, to judge from a recent interview given to *Figaro* by one of his party lieutenants, Georges Brutelle. "The maneuver of our voters was purely tactical," Brutelle explained, referring to the recent alliance with the Communists at the polls. "They remain ready in case of need to block any attempt at setting up a People's Republic."

While de Gaulle is naturally pleased to see the new Assembly so firmly controlled by the UNR and its allies that he can count on a free hand from it for the rest of his term in office, he is reported to be disturbed at the prospect that events will confirm the Gaullists' unwished-for role as spearhead of the French Right while cementing the Popular Front trend. To avert this danger, Premier Georges Pompidou's revamped cabinet and the main Gaullist leaders in the Assembly are putting a great deal of stress on their party's progressive social aims. Plans are being worked out both for stepping up France's already fabulous economic expansion and for distributing its benefits more evenly. Various early Gaullist schemes, some of them quite radical in nature, for promoting labor-management co-operation are likely to be brought forward again in the near future. There is talk of stretching the paid vacations now obligatory for French workers—three weeks in most cases—to a full month.

In the hope of splitting off the pro-European Socialists and Radicals from their Communist allies, de Gaulle is reported to be planning some new diplomatic moves, more flexible in form and more tactful in style than some of his earlier ones, for relaunching his project for a European political union. Discreet feelers are being put out by the Gaullists to some of the opposition leaders suggesting that they forget the past and accept official jobs or assignments of various kinds so as to help in the exciting task of founding a united Europe. And now that the OAS has been smashed, at least as a political threat, de Gaulle has started to bind up the wounds left from the Algerian war by commuting the death sentences passed on one of his would-be assassins, André Canal, and on a luckless military rebel, ex-General Edmond Jouhaud.

All this is highly encouraging for the future, but it does not mean as yet that de Gaulle has solved all of his or France's problems. He has yet to transform the UNR into a solid political organization with a coherent ideology or long-range program. The electoral defeat of former Premier Michel Debré at the hands of the Democratic Front in his district seriously complicates the question of finding an eventual successor for de Gaulle at the Elysée, and if his office became vacant tomorrow the country might easily relapse into near-chaos. Above all, as pessimistic students of his régime like *Le Monde's* publisher, Hubert Beuve-Méry, point out, no amount of economic expansion or of social welfarism will suffice to head off a Popular Front—at least in the next elections—if the general, "abandoning himself to his demons," exploits his victory to accentuate the tendency toward one-man rule which served as pretext for the French Socialists' betrayal of the democratic cause.

The Government Of the City of Government

LAURENCE STERN

WHEN Representative James C. Davis, an archsegregationist from Stone Mountain, Georgia, was defeated in the state's first direct primary in September, the rejoicing was nowhere so intense as 543 airline miles northeast of Atlanta, in the nation's capital.

The reason is that Davis wielded far more power over the citizens of non-self-governing Washington than he could ever muster in his home district. This influence stemmed from Davis's membership on the House Committee for the District of Columbia.

Among the many curious and obscure power structures on Capitol Hill, the District Committee is probably the coziest. It is also the most unreconstructed pocket of Dixiecrat influence in Congress. For the Southerners who dominate it, the committee seems to be a legislative junta to rule a conquered but still hostile population—most of the 750,000 citizens of Washington. It also serves its members as a forum for making points in the segregationist press back home.

Although Davis and his fiery diatribes against integration in the nation's capital are gone, the city is still a long way from liberation. Washington is the only major city in the United States with a Negro majority, now estimated at fifty-seven per cent. Its political leadership in both parties is liberal and concerned about civil rights. But the District's representation in the House is determined by voters in Alabama, the Carolinas, Georgia, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas.

In the Senate, the District Committee has passed out of Southern

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control and Washington gets an intelligent and sympathetic hearing. In the House, however, six of the seven subcommittees of the District Committee are headed by Southern Democrats. Of the fifteen Democrats on the committee, eleven are Southerners. A majority of the ten Republicans are conservative on civil rights and most other issues. To compound the imbalance, the Southerners who are most extreme on race questions have the most faithful attendance records and strongest vested interest in committee affairs.

This breach between the committee and its constituency encourages political militancy among Washington's Negroes. For example, the Washington *Afro-American's* strident, racist tone undoubtedly reflects the frustration of the city's colored citizenry. Only last month more than thirty persons were injured in one of Washington's most serious racial disturbances when thousands of spectators rioted after a football game between a Catholic high school and a predominantly Negro public school. This, of course, only confirms the fear of Negro political dominance in Washington that is behind the opposition of the capital's Congressional board of aldermen to legislation that would give the District home rule.

AT THE HEAD of the board sits South Carolina Democrat John L. McMillan, who has headed the committee and therefore held title to the role of Washington's unofficial "mayor" since 1946. He is a quiet man in his early sixties whose mumble is barely audible in the galleries, and he won't talk to the press.

McMillan and his committee run the affairs of the Federal capital with a tight-fisted, vested control that would be the envy of many a big-city machine politician. Most enviable of all is the fact that there can be no voter reprisals. District residents, along with convicts and untaxed Indians, have no elective voice in their affairs. Only last year did they win the right to vote in Presidential elections.

The pervasive influence of McMillan and his committee on District affairs is often the despair of the three Presidentially selected commissioners who are supposed to run the city but must go before McMillan's committee for all their vital housekeeping legislation.

A casebook example of McMillan's style of leadership came in the closing days of the Eighty-seventh Congress. Word had gotten about that the commissioners were getting ready to move on a long-awaited regulation to outlaw racial discrimination in the sale and rental of housing.

It was a step that had been strongly recommended by the Civil Rights Commission as the outgrowth of hearings last April in which there was a profusion of embarrassing and well-publicized testimony on Jim Crow treatment of African diplomats and American Negroes alike in Washington. And no other town in the United States could be a more resounding platform for such complaints than the District.

When the hearings were concluded, Walter N. Tobriner, the urbane, liberal Democratic president of the three-man board of commissioners, sent up a trial balloon. He announced that he was seeking a legal opinion on whether the commissioners could, under their existing police powers, adopt a fair-housing order.

Legal clearance was finally obtained toward the end of the Congressional session, and Tobriner ordered his legal staff to prepare the order. City officials hoped it would be quickly backed up with a Presidential housing order that would apply nationally.

But neither Tobriner nor any of his colleagues reckoned with the classic Southern strategy of Interposition. And interpose McMillan did. Out of the blue he convened a special House District Subcommittee on Urgent District Problems. Its chairman was Representative Basil L. Whitener (D., North Carolina), whose principal complaint against Washington is the large number of statues of Union generals that embellish the city's many squares and circles. Serving under Whitener were two Deep South Democrats, John Dowdy of Texas and George Huddleston of Alabama, and two conservative Republicans, Joel T. Broyhill of Virginia, a signer of the Southern Manifesto censuring the Supreme Court, and William H. Harsha, Jr., of Ohio. "As you can see," one of the members observed, "it's not exactly stacked with liberal-Democrat representation."

Whitener promptly summoned the three commissioners for a closed-door, nonscheduled confrontation. For an hour the subcommittee laid down the law to the appointed city fathers: no housing order, the commissioners were told, until McMillan's men had a chance to conduct their own inquiry. At Broyhill's insistence, the ultimatum was formally adopted by resolution. The effect, the subcommittee members hoped, would be to put the entire question on ice until Congress returned in January. The city's officials knew that the price of defiance could be a complete freeze on the District's pending legislative program.

Within twenty-four hours after Tobriner and his colleagues meekly withdrew from the subcommittee hearing room, they felt the brunt of the full committee's displeasure. McMillan unexpectedly shelved what the commissioners regarded as their own most urgent District problem, a request for extension of borrowing authority in order to keep up with current school, library, and other capital-expenditure needs. The Senate had hurried the borrowing measure through in time for enactment before adjournment. District officials had given the bill highest priority. Its demise, Tobriner noted ruefully, was "extremely bad news."

Philip L. Graham, the president of the Washington Post Company, promptly denounced the move as an "ugly act of legislative extortion." Many Washingtonians shared Graham's conclusion that the District Committee had decided to make a between-sessions hostage of the borrowing bill just to make sure that the housing order would not be issued as soon as Congress left town. The commissioners themselves have decided to move ahead with the legal groundwork for a Washington housing order despite the threat of retaliation from Congress.

IF MCMILLAN is out of sorts with most of his political wards, there are strong ties of mutual admiration between the congressman and a favored few. One case in point is his friendship with Don B. Reynolds, a breezy Washington insurance executive. This former resident of Mc-

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Millan's part of South Carolina was one of four bidders for liability policies on the District's new stadium and the National Guard Armory. McMillan personally introduced Reynolds to the chairman of the board that was to award the contract by competitive bid and openly endorsed him. Reynolds did not allow McMillan's generosity to go unrequited. He helped McMillan to get a cut-rate price on a Cadillac. When reporters asked to see the two checks Reynolds said he received as payment from McMillan, the congressman curtly refused. "I'm not in court," he snapped.

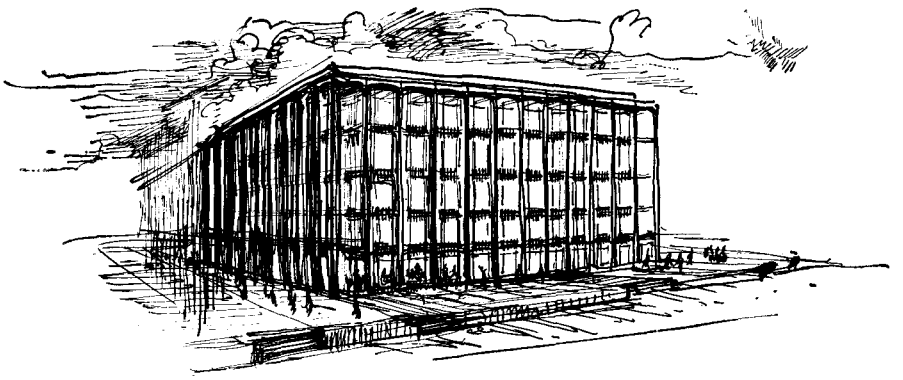
The trail of intercessions by McMillan on behalf of friends runs through the District bureaucracy: zoning, liquor-license applications, the traffic bureau, the urban-renewal agency. In cases where McMillan has a strong personal interest, he has been known to dispense with such formalities as public hearings.

Besides running interference for his friends with District government officials, one of McMillan's most avid passions is starting investigations. In recent years the number of McMillan legislative probes has been legion. They run a gamut from an investigation into police undercover investigations of other policemen to an inquiry into ways of moving Washington's statues out of the way of traffic.

As might be imagined, there is widespread dissatisfaction among Washington's civic and governmental leaders with the way the committee system operates under McMillan. Most of the grumbling is private, however, because of the pervasive influence of Washington's Congressional "mayor."

HOME RULE, together with a broader tax base and Federal payments to compensate the city fairly for property taken off the tax rolls by government, would solve many of the District's problems on Capitol Hill. And perhaps home rule is not far off as Congress becomes increasingly urbanized. But the immediate problem, as the more realistic Washingtonians see it, is to get at least as responsive a representation for the nation's capital in the House of Representatives as it has in the Senate.

VIEWS & REVIEWS



Art, Science, or Just Plain Luck?

A report on New York's new concert hall

ROLAND GELATT

EVER SINCE its gala opening concert on September 23, Philharmonic Hall has provided New York concertgoers with a seemingly inexhaustible topic of conversation. The new auditorium provokes discussion on a variety of subjects: urban planning ("Don't you find this notion of a 'center for the performing arts' rather vulgar, something like a cultural supermarket?"), contemporary architecture ("It looks as though twentieth-century man has been condemned to live, work, and play in soulless glass houses"), state subsidy of the arts ("My subscription to the Boston Symphony concerts cost eight dollars more this year in Philharmonic Hall than it did last year in Carnegie"), mass transportation ("Have you ever tried to get home from there on a rainy night?"). Most particularly, the new hall in Lincoln Center has stimulated talk about sound ("Last week I went to Philharmonic Hall on Monday night and Carnegie Hall on Tuesday, and I can only say . . ."). Never has the old controversy over acoustics—whether it is to be regarded as an art, a science, or a matter of luck—been more vigorously debated.

For many years it has been the contention of most musicians that good concert halls, like good violins, depend on the interactions of certain mysterious and indeterminate ingredients that elude scientific measurement. Their view that acoustics is more art than science rests on persuasively pragmatic foundations. Twentieth-century halls designed according to supposedly expert prescription—the Salle Pleyel in Paris (1927), Royal Festival Hall in London (1951), the Ford Auditorium in Detroit (1956), to take three scattered examples—turned out on completion to have acoustics markedly inferior to those of certain halls constructed long before the advent of acoustical science. Nothing devised by contemporary designers seemed to measure up to such universally admired yardsticks of excellence as Milan's Teatro alla Scala (1778), Philadelphia's Academy of Music (1857), Vienna's Grosser Musikvereinssaal (1870), Amsterdam's Concertgebouw (1887), or Boston's Symphony Hall (1900). Joseph Wechsberg summed up the prevailing opinion after five decades of disappointment when he wrote, in 1955: "The sad truth is that while scientists in many fields can foretell with unvarying accuracy what will result from a combination of known factors, those who specialize in acoustics seem to be on no surer footing in making their forecasts than meteorologists are in making theirs."

IT WAS with a lively appreciation of the odds against him that Leo L. Beranek assumed responsibility for the acoustics of Philharmonic

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Hall. Both he and the architect, Max Abramovitz, were fully aware that ever since the First World War no new hall seating more than two thousand persons had achieved a reputation of the first rank. But Beranek refused to believe that acoustical phenomena were inherently resistant to scientific analysis. The flubs of his predecessors, he felt, must have been due to their incomplete knowledge. If only sufficient data were amassed, the secret of good acoustics could be isolated. Thus, before settling on any final precepts for Philharmonic Hall, Beranek and his associates embarked on a vast program of research. He measured and evaluated fifty-four concert halls and opera houses in Europe, Israel, and the Americas, tallied the data with the opinions of itinerant conductors and critics, and reviewed and reappraised all the significant theoretical writings on acoustics that had appeared within the last half century. His findings are set forth in a fascinating book entitled *Music, Acoustics & Architecture* (John Wiley & Sons).

He begins by debunking some cherished notions about acoustics (the sanctity of wood, the mellowing effect of time), defines the elements that influence sonic perception, and explains how differing styles of musical composition have demanded differing acoustical environments (Mozart and Rossini meant their operas to be performed in halls of high definition and relatively low fullness of tone, whereas the symphonies of Brahms and Bruckner thrive best in halls of low definition and high fullness of tone). Then he launches into a detailed examination of the fifty-four halls chosen for evaluation. This is by far the longest chapter in the book; and though its chief purpose is to marshal data from which later deductions are to be made, I found myself reading the successive descriptions and commentaries with unabated interest. It is instructive to balance one's own impressions of celebrated concert halls and opera houses against those of the author and the authorities he interviewed. And it whets one's appetite to read his appraisal of some lesser-known halls. After reading Dr. Beranek's book, one would not want to pass through Basle or Gothenburg without paying a visit respectively to the Stadt-Casino and the Konserthus.

Having set forth all the evidence, Dr. Beranek proceeds to draw some conclusions. First, he assigns the halls he has investigated into five categories, ranging from excellent to fair, a compilation based on his own observations and on the opinions of conductors and critics. He refuses to identify the halls in each category by name ("Although science might be served by identification of the halls . . . both art and commerce plead for circumspection"), but the attentive reader will be able to guess most of the six concert halls and seven opera houses that fall into the top category. Dr. Beranek then asks himself: What do these thirteen acoustic paragons have in common? What are the governing attributes of acoustical quality?

Cubic volume, he finds, is undoubtedly of some relevance. In general, small halls sound better than large ones. But this cannot be the whole answer, because some large halls (for example, the Tanglewood Music Shed, of 1,500,000 cubic feet) are manifestly superior to some far smaller halls (for example, the Musikhochschule Konzertsaal in Berlin, of 340,000 cubic feet). Nor does reverberation time provide the whole answer. The mid-frequency reverberation times of the six top concert halls range from 1.7 to 2.05 seconds —and this is clearly the preferred rate of decay for the standard symphonic repertoire. But reverberation time within the preferred range does not *ipso facto* ensure acoustical quality (as witness the harsh, unfocused sound of the Eastman Theatre in Rochester, with its reverberation time of 1.75 seconds), nor does reverberation time substantially lower than the top-category median necessarily put a hall beyond the pale (as witness the highly regarded Academy of Music in Philadelphia, with its reverberation time of 1.4 seconds). Neither can the magic ingredient be found in the shape of the hall; of the six concert halls in the highest category, four are rectangular, one is horseshoe-shaped, and one is fan-shaped. (Incidentally, my own guess is that the four rectangular halls are Amsterdam's Concertgebouw, Basle's Stadt-Casino, Boston's Symphony Hall, and Vienna's Grosser Musikvereinssaal; the horseshoe-shaped hall I take to be the Teatro Colón in Buenos Aires, and the fan-shaped one the Music Shed in Tanglewood.)

Continuing his search for "the one crucial attribute of acoustical quality," Dr. Beranek next considers the factor of intimacy—which he measures by the initial-time-delay gap ("the interval at the listener's ear between the arrival of the direct sound and that of the first reflected sound"). Intimacy gives a listener the illusion of being in close contact with his surroundings, and earlier in his book Beranek had characterized it as more "closely allied than any other factor with the degree of acceptability of a hall for music." Examining the initial-time-delay figures for his six top-category halls, Dr. Beranek believed that he had isolated the acoustic *sine qua non* for which he had been searching. All six have very short initial-time-delay gaps, ranging from eight to twenty-one milliseconds. Halls with higher initial-time-delay gaps invariably fall into lower categories (the poorly rated Royal Albert Hall in London, for example, measures out at about sixty-five milliseconds), and Dr. Beranek concluded that "unless the initial-time-delay gap is smaller than about 25 milliseconds, a hall cannot take its place among the best halls of the world." Acoustical intimacy, the author emphasizes, is not the only factor contributing to good hall sound, but it is the one of overwhelming importance. In his scale of acoustical quality, intimacy is rated more than twice as important as liveness and warmth, factors that are related to reverberation time.

The acoustician's chief problem, therefore, is to make a large hall sound like a small one. The problem is more difficult now than in the nineteenth century because of our different standards of comfort and safety. Boston's Symphony Hall accommodates 2,631 people in a fairly narrow rectangular room by dint of small seats, cramped spacing between rows, and narrow aisles. Even if the designers of Lincoln Center had wanted to copy Symphony Hall, it would have been impossible to do so under today's stringent building codes. Since economics dictated a

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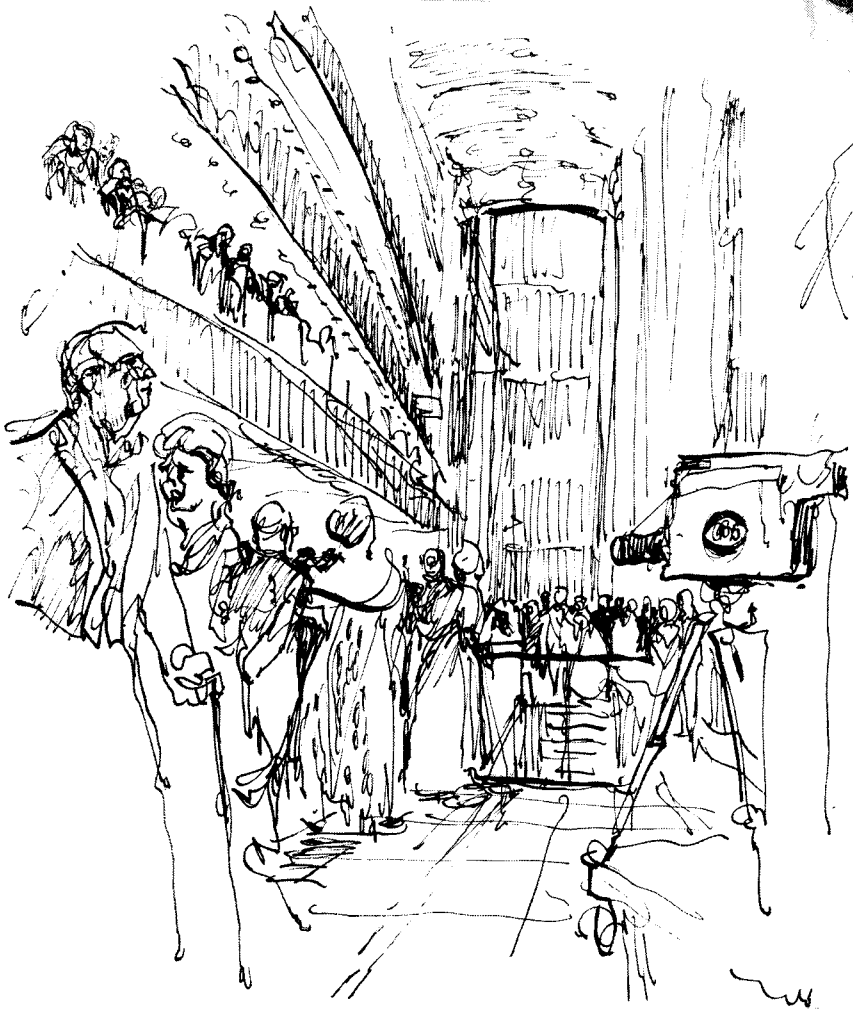

Opening Night At Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center

by Joseph Papin

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seating capacity of at least 2,600 paying customers for Philharmonic Hall, it was clear from the start that its cubic volume would have to be substantially greater than that of the ideal auditoriums of the nineteenth century. To ensure a proper amount of reverberation time, the ceiling had to be higher in order to offset the increased absorption of a larger audience area. And in order to accommodate the wider seats and passageways, the side walls had to be farther away from the center aisle. But a high ceiling and distant walls meant that the crucial initial-time-delay gap would exceed the maximum allowance of twenty-five milliseconds unless something else were devised to ensure the *sine qua non* of acoustical intimacy.

The "something else" turns out to be the reflecting panels, or acoustic clouds, that are suspended between the ceiling and the floor of Philharmonic Hall. These are designed to provide short initial-time-delay gaps at the listeners' ears—particularly those seated on the main floor—while still allowing part of the sound to reach the high ceiling for properly long reverberation. With these panels Dr. Beranek claims to have achieved an initial-time-delay gap, at the center of the main floor, of about twenty milliseconds (without them the value would be about forty milliseconds), thus—in theory at least—producing an impression of intimacy. Reverberation time at mid-frequencies, according to his measurements, is in the neighborhood of two seconds, presumably ensuring sound of sufficient liveness. The ratio between reverberation time at mid-frequencies and that at low frequencies, again according to Dr. Beranek's published measurements, is purportedly such as to create an impression of pleasant sonic warmth. Thus were the three chief attributes on the Beranek scale of acoustical qualities engineered by advance calculation into the new concert hall.

SO MUCH for theory. How does the hall sound?

On the morrow of the opening concert it was obvious that Philharmonic Hall had not made an overwhelmingly favorable first impression. In the New York *Times,* Harold C. Schonberg reported: "From Row R on the orchestra floor the sound was clear, a little dry, with not much reverberation and a decided lack of bass. It was good sound, but one had hoped for a more mellow quality." Virgil Thomson was quoted as saying: "Either there is amplification or there is something wrong. I haven't heard a cello or double bass yet." But most observers were inclined to temporize. Time and again it had been stressed that the acoustics of Philharmonic Hall were flexible (the reflecting panels, for instance, could be repositioned at will) and that the hall could not possibly be "tuned" to optimum effect for the first concert.

In an interview immediately after opening night, Dr. Beranek said: "I predicted in the beginning that it would take a year to get the hall into its ultimate condition, and I stick to that. We have to work very slowly and cautiously." He agreed about the lack of bass tone, but implied that the deficiency could be easily rectified. Then he threw in a new thought: "There is a changing concept in sound. A modern concert hall needn't sound like a hall of 1850." This was a striking departure from the principles laid down in *Music, Acoustics & Architecture*—where acoustical attributes were held to be constant, without reference to old halls or new halls—and one began to wonder whether Dr. Beranek was preparing a line of retreat.

I heard that opening concert on the shore of Lake Geneva via the Voice of America, and am thus in no position to pass judgment on its acoustic qualities. In the intervening weeks, however, I have attended a number of concerts in Philharmonic Hall, and the conclusion is inescapable that the initial comments about its acoustics still apply. To be sure, the sound of the hall varies somewhat from concert to concert. The acoustics seemed better when Otto Klemperer conducted the Philadelphia Orchestra in the Schumann Fourth Symphony than when Erich Leinsdorf conducted the Boston Symphony in the same work a fortnight before, and this seems to lend substance to the dictum of Wilhelm Furtwängler that "The hall with the best acoustics is the hall with the best performance." But there was another comparison to be made: the

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sound of the Philadelphia Orchestra under Klemperer in Philharmonic Hall as against the sound of the same orchestra under the same conductor in Carnegie Hall two weeks earlier. The comparison was drastically in favor of Carnegie Hall, an auditorium not included among Beranek's top six. In the older hall there was a sheen, a vibrance, and an immediacy to the sound of the Philadelphia Orchestra that simply could not be heard at Philharmonic Hall.

A CHIEF PROBLEM continues to be the lack of bass. It is not that cellos and double basses cannot be heard, but that they are heard to such watery effect. A great concert hall vibrates: you can literally feel it in resonance with the low frequencies of an orchestra. The effect is tactile, enveloping a listener with the immediate pulsations of sound, and it is one of the elements that make live music incomparable. Philharmonic Hall does not vibrate. And though it projects the various textures of orchestral sound with marvelous clarity (give Philharmonic Hall high marks for "stereo separation"), it does so without the warmth of certain celebrated nineteenth-century halls.

This deficiency of warmth leads directly into another disturbing characteristic of Philharmonic Hall: the sense of isolation that the listener feels in relation to what is happening on stage, particularly if he sits toward the rear. It is an impalpable sensation, but one that has been remarked by many people. Some sort of hidden barrier, psychic or acoustic I cannot say, seems to impose itself between orchestra and audience. From the rear sections of the auditorium one almost has the impression of watching a Cinerama movie with a competently recorded stereo sound track. Is it because the distances are so great? Is it because the hall does not vibrate? Or is it because those lovely acoustic panels are not fulfilling their appointed function of providing main-floor listeners with the requisite sense of intimacy? I cannot presume to answer, but I do say that in Carnegie Hall one participates in a concert while in Philharmonic Hall one watches a show.

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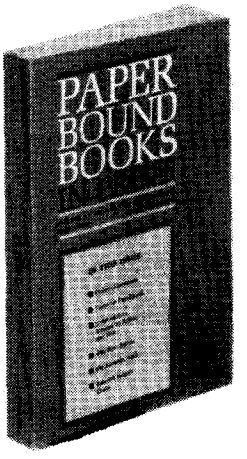

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New York concertgoers, Carnegie Hall is like an old shoe. But the trouble is that expert listeners from other cities, people for whom Carnegie Hall has no sentimental connotations, have come to the very same conclusions. My discussions with several visitors from Europe (including a veteran recording director and a well-traveled conductor) convince me that the faults of Philharmonic Hall are indeed real. It is a new shoe that does not yet quite fit.

THERE SEEMS to be widespread agreement—or is it just hope?—that the deficiencies of Philharmonic Hall will eventually be remedied. But there seems to be also an increasing awareness that measures more drastic than the mere tilting of sound reflectors may be necessary. One suggestion has been put forward by Seymour Solomon, the recording director of Vanguard Records, in a letter to the New York *Times*. He proposes ripping out the present stage flooring and substituting for it something more resonant "to reinforce and amplify the bass response of the instruments." Musicians who have performed on that stage will tell you that the present flooring—composed of chemically impregnated strips of wood—has a thudding paucity of resonance. And perhaps this helps to explain why Philharmonic Hall sounded so much better during its tryouts in the spring than it has since its completion; in May the permanent flooring had not yet been laid on stage. Dr. Beranek does not put much stock in the innate acoustical properties of wood; but he is a careful and objective scientist, and one feels confident that he will amend his theories if circumstances seem to require it.

For the moment, then, acoustics remains an art as well as a science. And until it ceases to be thus ambivalent we had better think twice about tearing down the old halls that were devised solely by art. If Isaac Stern and other devoted volunteers had not saved Carnegie Hall from demolition in 1960, New York would now be suffering from a severe case of acoustic deprivation. The moral is obvious. Until the projected new Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center has been built and heard, might it not be prudent to leave the old one standing at Broadway and Thirty-ninth?

Turning from the acoustics of Philharmonic Hall to its appearance and facilities, we find ourselves on less problematic—though equally controversial—ground. The box-shaped façade is compounded of slightly tapered columns of creamy travertine and walls of glass. I find it extremely handsome, especially at night. At the moment it assuredly does not blend in with its surroundings, but five years from now—when we view Philharmonic Hall as just one part of the whole Lincoln Center complex—we shall have forgotten its present raw isolation.

Having taken in the façade, you file through revolving doors under a lovely arcade (but why should one have to queue up to get in and out?) and enter the main lobby. One expects the lobby of a modern concert hall to be a haven of amenities—with several coat-checking stations carefully assigned according to ticket locations; newsstands selling miniature scores, phonograph records, and musical periodicals; a bar for liquid refreshment; a snack counter for sandwiches and coffee. All this, if memory serves me right, is to be found in the lobby of London's Festival Hall, but you will look in vain for this kind of array in Philharmonic Hall. Instead most of its lobby is given over to a restaurant—which not only breaks up the expansive sweep of a large entrance area but also pre-empts space that might conceivably have been put to more generally useful purposes. This restaurant, at least under its present management, is not for the ordinary concertgoer. A carbonated drink there is seventy-five cents and a pre-concert dinner can easily come to ten dollars per person.

Well, you thread your way past diners finishing their coffee, queue up again for the escalator, ascend to the first-floor foyer, and—if you have tickets in the orchestra section—make your way into the auditorium. In terms of visual aesthetics and physical comfort, this is pure delight—a vast enclosure of deep blue and varying shades of yellow and gold, framed on the sides by three gracefully descending tiers of seats, canopied above by a mosaic of suspended hexagonal clouds, subtly lighted while the audience assembles (but why so dark and stark after the concert begins?), well soundproofed against outside noise, comfortably ventilated. Mr. Abramovitz and his interior decorator, Donald Oenslager, have created a beautiful and reposeful interior.

The foyer where you congregate at intermission time is less appealing, though certainly roomy. The lighting is harsh and the unrelieved glass and stone is too much akin to a modern office building or airport terminal. A concert hall should be friendly and all-enclosing; the foyers of Philharmonic Hall seem austere and exposed. But again the effect may seem very different when, instead of looking out into the black night, the windows face the floodlit plazas, parks, and theatres of a completed Lincoln Center.

When the concert is over, you queue up to get your coat, queue up to get through the revolving doors, and face the problem of getting home. If the weather is inclement, you had better button up your collar and prepare for the worst, because the designers of Philharmonic Hall have failed to provide a large canopy under which one can wait—as at Carnegie Hall or the Metropolitan Opera House—for a taxi or bus. All this too will be improved in time. Plans for Lincoln Center envisage a subterranean series of roadways through which cabs and private cars will have sheltered access to all the theatres, and room will be found for an underground garage accommodating 732 vehicles. Whether public transportation routes to the area will also be improved remains to be seen. At the moment, Philharmonic Hall is all but inaccessible, except by cab or car, to anyone living east of Central Park.

BUT LET US not quibble. Expensive restaurants, austere foyers, inadequate transportation can all be ignored or endured for the sake of a wonderful concert. But the concert must be heard under optimum acoustic conditions. The sound's the thing—and the musical world is waiting to see if Philharmonic Hall can nudge its way into the select category of really outstanding concert halls. Meanwhile, a few blocks south at Carnegie Hall . . .

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A Clown, a President, And the Seven Caesars

ROBERT BINGHAM

SOMETHING close to half of the productions currently offered in those too-expensive, too-hard-to-get-to Broadway houses that still set the standards for the American theatre are musicals. What's more, even the worst of them stand a fair chance of making more money and providing longer terms of employment for their casts than all but the best and luckiest of the straight dramas.

How could it be otherwise? The producer who wants a cash return on his investment as well as whatever psychic income may accrue to a patron of the arts these days must realize that his potential audience is made up very largely of two groups: people on expense accounts and people contributing to tax-deductible charities via the benefit performance. Now if you're spending that kind of money, you might as well put the menu aside and ask for the *spécialité de la maison*. And on Broadway, for better or for worse, it's the musical.

This is not to say that all actors and actresses in New York City who cannot sing are about to become the victims of technological unemployment. Indeed, many of them have found quite lucrative positions as musical-comedy stars. And there will always be a certain number of openings for performers able to look alert on a set that resembles a decorator's sample room while they chew over some rather stale bits of adultery.

But as for audiences, even those so unfortunate as to find themselves buying tickets with their own money tend to reason that if they're going to pay a baby sitter and have dinner in town anyway, they might as well throw in another couple of bucks and live a little. The fact of the matter is that people just plain like musicals, or at least they want to like them. Even at *Ankles Away* (one of my own late-lamented favorites, I must confess), the stolidest of grouches must have polished his spectacles and turned up his hearing aid when the house lights were dimmed and the conductor turned on that glorious brassy sound while ladies in furs and satins stumbled excitedly against other people's knees to get to their seats in time for the curtain. Bright colors, love songs, real live pretty girls, and funny men to make you laugh—the frame is the right size and you can't get what's inside it anywhere else. Every musical begins with a head start of happy anticipation that is common to the out-of-town space buyer, the fifty-dollar philanthropist, and all the rest of us, too.

THE PROMISE of the overture is not always fulfilled, of course. But rarely, I submit, have an audience's hopes been so thoroughly and so promptly abused as in the opening scene of *Stop the World—I Want to Get Off*, which David Merrick has imported from Britain as the first of this season's musical offerings. There is no curtain in this production, which rather aggressively describes itself as "a new-style musical," but we soon find our attention demanded by Mr. Anthony Newley, who as the show's director keeps the spotlights on himself so insistently during a rather long evening that it seems almost an understatement to call him the star. (He also wrote the book, music, and lyrics.) He is gotten up to look like a Palladium wardrobe mistress of Marcel Marceau, and sure enough the young Briton proceeds to put on a highly derivative pantomime of the birth of someone who comes to be known as Littlechap. It will be interesting to see whether Mr. Newley has the cheek to go on with this part of his act a few weeks from now when M. Marceau is scheduled to be doing the real thing a few blocks north at the City Center. Littlechap grows up and falls in love and fathers a daughter and gets married and then has *another* daughter and enters the world of mercantile endeavor and travels and gets older—well, you can probably imagine the sort of things he does. And all the time he's doing little bits of pantomime and people are coming and going on a stage built like a circus arena in a kind of irrelevant see-how-free-we-are-from-the-dead-hand-of-theatrical-tradition sort of way, and every once in a while Mr. Newley shouts "Stop the World!" when the pain and beauty of existence get too much for him. But then he'll make sort of a joke, like when one of his daughters says she wants to get married. "Married?" he says. "I didn't even know you were pregnant!"

Mr. Newley is a man who never seems to know when to leave not so good alone, and everything he happens to be fond of gets done four or five times, sometimes in different accents. All the girls Littlechap falls in love with are played by the same muscular tribute to the hockey fields of England, Miss Anna Quayle. She has a fairly amusing song called "Typically English" that later becomes "Glorious Russian" and actually hits full stride as "Typische Deutsche" and then tapers off as "All American." It is, alas, one of the best items in the show, and Miss Quayle spares nothing in her efforts to get it across each time it crops up, but when she throws her impressive shoulders back to reprise each and every one of its versions, the Tarrytown commuters must really bite their lips over not having left in time to make the 11:10.

Between the baggy pants and the self-conscious surrealism, it is difficult to guess just what Mr. Newley

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thinks he's driving at. It would be a fine thing indeed to combine the spontaneity of the experimental theatre with the tried-and-true earthiness of burlesque, but when Mr. Newley brays out a pop ballad like "What Kind of Fool Am I?" with all the fake resonance of a juke-box idol, one concludes that despite his pretensions he is simply not serious and one longs for the slick but disciplined commercialism of the old-style musical.

IF YOU WERE LOOKING for American musical-comedy know-how at its best, you would surely expect to find it in a show produced by Leland Hayward with music by Irving Berlin, book by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse, settings by Jo Mielziner, directed by Joshua Logan. And yet *Mr. President,* our second musical this season, is nothing less than a great big fat bore. The performers, headed by Robert Ryan and Nanette Fabray, do the best they can, but their burden has been assembled with such studious devotion to mediocrity that it makes the Lawrence Welk hour seem like a gem of theatrical inventiveness. In fact, most television shows designed to while away the evening for Mom and Pop after they've done the dishes are a good deal more sophisticated than this ponderous demonstration of the highly debatable proposition that while our Chief Executives have many weighty problems on their minds, they are human beings just like you and me. This particular Chief Executive has an attractive wife who dreams of the day when just the two of them can get away to "Our Hide-away," a teenage daughter (Anita Gillette) whose frustrated predilection for spooning is epitomized in a rather tasteless song about how the Secret Service makes her nervous, and a good-for-nothing son (Jerry Strickler) who unaccountably redeems himself in his father's eyes by learning to say "We want peace" in Russian. Not surprisingly, the candidate our full-throated incumbent had hoped would succeed him is defeated at the polls, which just goes to show that you can't fool all of the people all of the time.

Ever since Rodgers lost Hart and went to work with Hammerstein, there has been an unwritten rule that an American musical ought to have a Message. Usually, it's no more than Love Thy Neighbor, which means that it's perfectly all right to ignore it and enjoy the music and the legs in the chorus. But of late there has been a lamentable tendency for the Messages to become both more complex and more insistent. (I still don't know what to make of *No Strings,* where the idea seems to be that miscegenation is both fun and good for you provided you do it in Europe and don't try to take it back to Maine.) With their former first family rattling around more or less aimlessly in that old hideaway for the whole last half of the show, Messrs. Berlin, Lindsay, and Crouse found themselves leaning more and more heavily on their Message, which may be summed up as "Politics is a rotten, dirty business but God Bless America anyway!" Near the blessed end, the audience finds itself sitting stiffly at attention to the strains of a sock-dolager called "This Is a Great Country." The lyrics go something like: "If this is flag waving, fla-a-a-ag waving, can you think of a better flag to wave?" In case you're curious, the correct answer is "No."

It has been reported that some 385 theatre parties are already scheduled to line the coffers of various charities by attending *Mr. President* during the months to come. It is the ideal show at which to stand up and shout hello to some friends ten aisles away whom you haven't seen for a long time. It may run forever.

SO ALL RIGHT, if musicals are supposed to be the biggest and best Broadway has to offer, what's there to see? Well, there are some first-rate ones still very much alive and kicking from previous seasons, notably *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum,* with Zero Mostel. And now, let us add most emphatically, there is *Little Me.* This show is a delight from start to finish. For one thing, it gives us Sid Caesar at his best. And as those can attest who remember him from the early days of television before he fell back on a kind of hysterical slapstick, Mr. Caesar at his best is very good indeed. But there are so many first-rate performances and so much that is

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Is corrupted, and even Saint Nicholas, in his turn,
Gives off a faint and reminiscent stench,
The merest soupçon, of brimstone and the pit.

Now, at the season when the Child is born
To suffer the world and suffer for the world,
This bloated Other, jovial satellite
And sycophant, makes His appearance also
In a glitter of goodies, in a rock-candy glare.
Played at the better stores by bums, for money,
This annual savior of the economy
Speaks in the parables of the dollar sign:
Suffer the little children to come to Him.

At Easter, he's anonymous again,
Just one of the crowd lunching on Calvary.

—HOWARD NEMEROV

bright and witty in every nook and cranny that even with another actor in Mr. Caesar's role, *Little Me* would still be a delight.

I didn't read the original novel by Patrick Dennis, but I can't think what earthly difference it would make how faithfully or unfaithfully the musical adheres to the book. It recounts the picaresque adventures of Belle Poitrine, a poor but ambitious girl who sets out from her shanty-town home in Venezuela, Illinois, soon after the turn of the century, determined to win the love of Noble Eggleston, a local youth destined to be an honors graduate of both Harvard and Yale who regretfully informs her that they cannot possibly wed until she has acquired wealth, culture, and social prestige. Belle gets all that and then some.

In a series of flashbacks introduced with elaborate staginess by Miss Poitrine Today (portrayed with well-corseted and boozy opulence by Nancy Andrews), we follow young Belle (played by Virginia Martin, whose singing, dancing, and general appearance could scarcely be improved upon) as she encounters each of the men (performed by Sid Caesar, Sid Caesar, Sid Caesar, Sid Caesar, and Sid Caesar) who are to be, shall we say, instrumental in making her truly worthy of that insufferable prig, Noble Eggleston (Sid Caesar). These economical casting arrangements enable Mr. Caesar to enact no fewer than five death scenes, a bit at which he excels. I myself am especially fond of the one in which he appears as Otto Schnitzler, a Hollywood director, coaching Miss Poitrine in an episode clearly filched from *Cleopatra*. Miss Poitrine shrieks prettily when he flings a rubber adder on her heaving bosom, but everyone merely pays respectful attention as he demonstrates how the pharaoh is to plunge a jeweled dagger into his own heart. It takes the great Schnitzler himself a little while to realize that this time the prop boy has goofed. "Shall I call a doctor?" Miss Poitrine inquires anxiously. "Not unless you feel sick," gasps Schnitzler as his eyes roll up and he falls prone. (Oh, I know I shouldn't have told it all that way, but there are lots of other things just as good.)

And that's not all, folks. There's a superb children's birthday party at young Eggleston's house where the dancers, dressed to the nines in what passed for the height of fashion back in the days of William Howard Taft, shimmy and prance through a number called "The Rich Kids' Rag" that is just about the snappiest choreography you could ever hope to see. There's "Be a Performer!" in which Joey Faye and Mort Marshall as the leering, frock-coated Buchsbaum Brothers urge Belle to go into show business. And then there's a moment in Chicago when Belle, temporarily between husbands, meets George Musgrove, a slick operator who knew her when. Swen Swenson, who played a similar role with great success as Blazes Boylan in the off-Broadway production *Ulysses in Nighttown*, shoves his derby down over his eyes, snaps his galluses, and prances and struts around the poor girl with the insinuating self-confidence of a peacock as he informs her, in one of the show's best songs, "I've Got Your Number." He sure has, and by the time he has gotten around to snapping her on the fanny with one of his red sleeve garters, the only appropriate reply to his ferocious importunings is the one Miss Poitrine utters as she follows him meekly to the stairs: "Well, there's a war on." Here's a number that *ought* to be given a reprise in the last act, but unfortunately that's about all we get of Mr. Swenson.

Anything this good must have some kind of message. And if I can manage not to distract from the uncomplicated pleasure to which one ought to give oneself in seeing this show, I would like to suggest that the affectionate but clear-eyed ridiculing of the costumes, dances, manners, attitudes, and even old vaudeville skits that were typically American is not only fun but good for us. At any rate, it sent me out of the theatre convinced that, by God, this *is* a great country.

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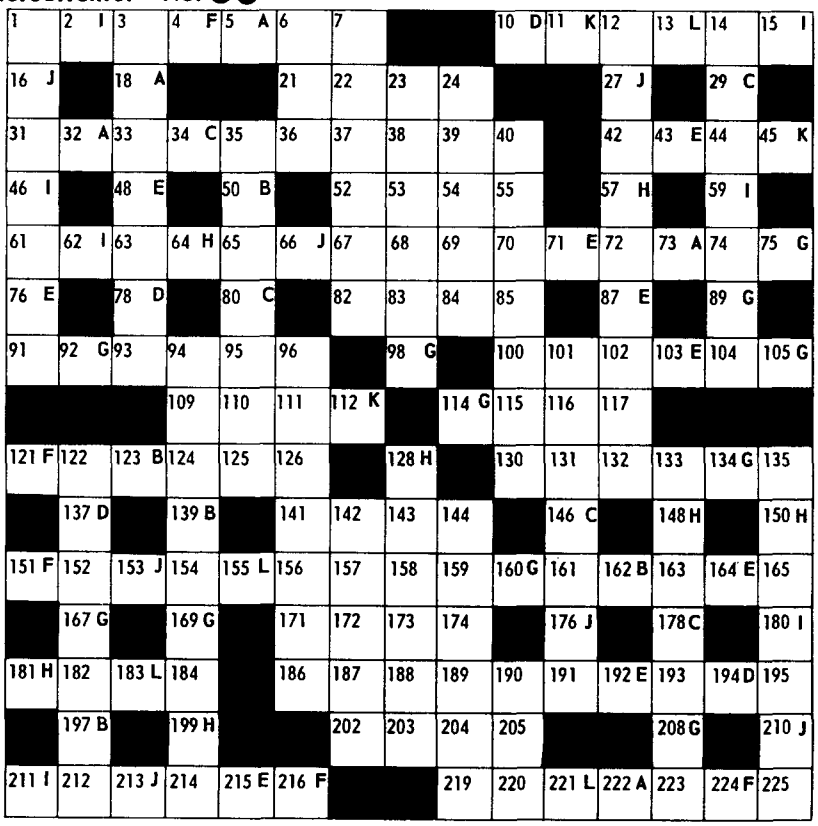
Acrostickler® No. 68

by HENRY ALLEN



DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the acrostician.

A. 5 73 222 32 18 A city in Tuscany with a noted cathedral.

B. 50 123 139 162 197 An ancient region on the west coast of Asia Minor.

C. 29 34 178 146 80
"Augurs and understood relations have
By maggot-pies and choughs and _____
brought forth
The secret'st man of blood."
Shakespeare, "Macbeth."

D. 10 137 78 194 Sayings or witty remarks.

E. 48 76 43 103 71 87 164 192 215 Those who fraudulently vote more than once at elections.

F. 4 224 151 216 121 Brings the helm slowly toward midships.

G. 89 92 114 134 98 208 160 105 169 167 75 The act of diverting from a sacred to a profane purpose.

H. 199 57 64 181 148 128 150 Columbus and others like him.

I. 62 180 46 2 59 15 211 A play by Sir John Vanbrugh (1697), written as a mock sequel to Colley Cibber's "Love's Last Shift." (With "The.")

J. 16 176 213 66 210 153 27 "My soul
Once more made trial of her strength,
nor lacked
___visitations," Wordsworth, "The Prelude."

K. 45 11 112 "Do not _____ -Our love is frail as is our life." Etherege, "The Man of Mode."

L. 183 221 155 13 "There came to the beach a poor Exile of_____." Thomas Campbell, "Exile of _____."

Across

1. First name of the Acrostician's daughter, famous in the same profession.
10. No must about it; it goes toward the top.
21. "To be or not to be," said Brutus? No, but that's the essence.
31. Not sentimental, but mourn with a clown.
42. VIPS about such a Teddy Boy.
52. Swiss river into the Rhine in the Geneva area.
61. Alpha and Omega or A and Z, for National rites? Right, in short.
82. A German girl is in the French.
91. Transferred the man in the act.
100. Best qualified and stable altogether.
109. Making a fresh start because I saw it wane.
114. A berry in spirit can still lose.
121. Aids to pouring for the sot when he goes down to sup.
130. What's done in South Dakota is all wet.
141. Members of a sect in what I insist proper.
151. Name or number to the census taker (11, 4).
171. My big book and how it was given.
181. The forewarning that sounds as if the oracle were apostrophizing the crew.
186. The orthopedic support for the broken back supplies pints to its users (5, 5).
202. Cliques found in close Tsarist circles.
211. A small company in 21 makes Scotland in France.
219. Two international conferences held on Lake Maggiore in the '30's caused a stress.

Down

1. Arched and leaped over.
3. Relate the story of the errant article.
6. Such a serpent lives in the Bishop's domain, it's said.
7. As slow as _____(1, 5), or as hard as _____s (2, 4).
12. The French student is naturally upset.
14. Sit and drop the camera holders.
23. A little saint at 99 may develop interference.
24. Series upset, when pointless, makes what is Ireland's.
35. The girl dispatched but wrongly directed.
40. These French about real grains!
94. To have a giant to dun you may lead to intimidating things.
96. Stops a deist with a vessel.
101. Here is the bloke to change the brochure.
122. Is Lake Como likely to be the source of this river? Hardly.
128. It is me, ungrammatically, who may lie between you and the cup. (var. sp.).
133. In that case one goes around the rude sot.
135. The avenger seems in keeping with retributive justice.
142. Spots up the scene and puts an end to the show.
144. The sound of money perfumes the air.
190. A Paris station is in Rome, of all places!

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Solution to

THE REPORTER

Puzzle #67

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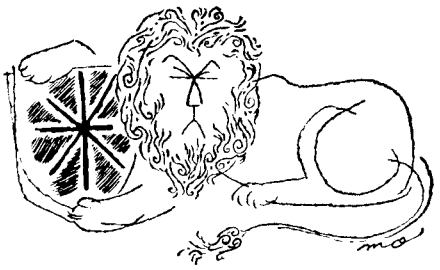
L	■	E	■	A	■	U	■	E	■	P	■	D	■	I
G	O	O	D	R	I	S	K	S	■	R	H	E	U	M
E	■	R	■	M	■	T	■	T	■	O	■	B	■	E
R	E	A	S	O	N	■	A	B	U	N	D	A	N	T
I	■	■	■	N	■	■	■	A	■	■	■	T	■	A
A	X	I	N	G	S	■	E	N	D	S	W	E	L	L
■	■	N	■	E	■	C	■	S	■	Y	■	R	■	■
C	O	N	F	R	E	R	E	■	A	M	U	S	E	S
O	■	O	■	■	■	E	■	■	■	P	■	■	■	T
U	N	C	A	R	N	A	L	■	S	H	A	R	E	R
R	■	E	■	O	■	T	■	E	■	O	■	E	■	A
S	I	N	A	I	■	I	N	V	E	N	T	I	O	N
E	■	T	■	S	■	V	■	I	■	I	■	N	■	G
D	■	■	S	T	E	E	P	L	E	C	H	A	S	E

Acrostician—

AHMED BEN BELLA

BOOKS



Disestablishmentarianism

SAREL EIMERL

ANATOMY OF BRITAIN, by Anthony Sampson. *Harper & Row. $6.95.*

The Englishman who returns home after several years in the United States is likely to be struck soon and often by a sense of incongruity. Looking even quainter or more seedy than he remembered them are the wheezing elevators, the bowler hats, and the dingy sweetshops. But there also are the skyscrapers, the singing commercials, and the enchromed soda fountains, as new as the latest starlet and just as brassy.

This split between the antiquated and the new runs throughout British life, and the clash between them forms the underlying theme of Anthony Sampson's vastly informed and vastly entertaining 638-page study. Sampson is Pendennis, who writes a weekly column on social London for the *Observer:* he has the entree to all the top circles and has made brilliant use of it. He has probed thoroughly into the institutions and people who control Britain, from dukes to the Trades Union Congress. For months his book has been a best-seller in Britain, and no wonder. The Englishman finds in it the same fascination that a schoolboy finds in his term report. Britain, as it turns out, is not doing too well. History is its only really strong subject. Its science is bad and even its English is declining. And as for games: "Ballroom dancing is one of the few world championships which Britain holds."

Britain's main problem, according to Sampson, is that it is suspended between old, mainly Victorian institutions (and attitudes), which still possess the appearance of power, and the institutions (and attitudes) which have developed rapidly since the Second World War and which increasingly wield the real power. The traditional institutions include the public schools, Oxbridge, the House of Commons, the Treasury, the BBC, and the clubs, and are usually grouped together as the Establishment. They are still characterized by an amateur spirit developed in the public schools, where doing anything really well is regarded as slightly caddish. In the past few years, this old-boy set has been challenged by the new, self-made pros. And, just as the Gentlemen (amateurs) are regularly beaten by the Players (professionals) at cricket, so are the traditional bosses of government and industry taking a licking from the pros. The House of Commons, traditionally a body of amateurs, is losing powers to the professional managers of the civil service, the nationalized industries, the big corporations, and the unions. And many of Britain's most venerable industries have been bought up by American-style self-made tycoons like Jack Cotton and Charles Clore, who incidentally also contributed heavily to the financing of New York's Grand Central City.

SAMPSON sees faults in both the old and the new. He detests Establishment snobbery (the pox Britannica) as displayed, for example, in the civil servant's passion for the Order of St. Michael and St. George. The decoration comes in three sizes, Companion, Knight, and Grand Cross, thereby producing the CMG ("Call Me God"), the KCMG ("Kindly Call Me God"), and "for a select few

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governors and super-ambassadors—the GCMG ('God Calls Me God')." Sampson also despises Establishment inefficiency: " 'Can I see your plans for the next five years?' one Minister of Defense asked, on moving into the department. 'I'm afraid we haven't got any,' replied the civil servant."

The Establishment disease is arrogance; the disease of the new professionalism is crassness, and its symbol is the commercial, especially obnoxious when disguised. "This is 'prestige advertising,' " writes Sampson, " 'company advertising,' 'reputation advertising,' 'institution advertising,' 'good-will advertising'—the multiplicity of names, as for lavatories, suggests embarrassment." And, as he points out, one ghastly consequence of the new, impersonal corporate power is lack of direct responsibility. "Who is responsible for an ugly new building?," he asks, as so many of us have. "It will turn out to be owned by some insurance company, designed by a committee of unknown architects, employed by a property developer to produce the maximum floor-space for a faceless corporation . . . the shapelessness of the building seems to express the shapelessness of the irresponsible society."

Unluckily for Britain, Sampson reports, the old and the new seem by nature to be antipathetic and unable to work in harmony. The new managers, many of them from lower-class origins, speak a different language from the public-school chaps at the Treasury and in the Cabinet; and neither of the groups can, or particularly wants to, communicate effectively with the scientists. The real hazard to Britain is therefore not, as has been said a million times, that it is dominated by one Establishment clique, but that it is dominated by various establishments that are inadequately connected.

YET all these establishments seem to share one endemic characteristic. The committee, Sampson says, or rather the committees, have taken over from the individual, and the result is a degree of muddle which, as one penetrates further along the corridors of power, becomes steadily more unbelievable. In some of the most dramatic events in Britain in the past ten years—Suez, the fracas over Central Africa, the battle between two banking groups, each representing an American company, for control of British Aluminium, the attempt of Imperial Chemical Industries to take over its rival, Courtaulds—the decisive factor, according to Sampson, was sheer muddle, produced as once-sensible decisions were diluted and rediluted to get them by the committees. He quotes Lord Heyworth, chairman of Unilever: "I look upon myself as someone who is perpetually in a fog," and the plaintive cry of the Baroness Wootton: "Everything is always decided *somewhere else*," and he adds that "if you ask a corporation man, 'Who runs this place?' you will be met with mutterings about cybernetics, lines of communication or five hundred managers."

This administrative chaos probably exists in all industrial countries. Sampson himself loves England. He considers it "the most civilized and humane country, and the happiest to live in." It is the institutions, not the people, he objects to. But institutions are his main concern, and the conclusion of his anatomical investigation is best summed up in the words of Roy Thomson, the Canadian who in less than ten years has become a British newspaper tycoon: "There must be *something* wrong with this country if I can make money so easily out of it."

Two Italys

FRANCES FRENAYE

THE MEN AT THE GATE, by Ottiero Ottieri. Translated from the Italian *Donnarumma all'assalto* by I. M. Rawson. *Houghton Mifflin. $4.*

In recent years the liberals and left-wingers in Italian literary circles have once again been discussing, often quite ponderously, the old problem of the proletarian novel. Who is to write it? Can it be written objectively? Must it always read as if it were a tract? We can better understand the appropriateness of debate on this subject when we realize that many of the increasingly better-off Italian workers who belong to the left-wing parties have a politi-

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cal and literary consciousness unknown in times past. They want to read and even write about their new condition.

But there are also Italian workers who are not able to read and write even their names. It is about such unsophisticated and unhappy workers that Ottiero Ottieri, a non-proletarian, has written his novel *The Men at the Gate*. Ottieri is a Tuscan of a type comparatively new to Italy, the student of social science who remains a humanist as well. His narrator is sent by an easily identifiable progressive North Italian industrialist to supervise the hiring of personnel in a newly opened factory near Naples. The factory is meant to bring a measure of northern prosperity to the south; it is also to operate from the very beginning in an enlightened and modern way.

Hence the narrator's job is to give aptitude and intelligence tests and to interview prospective employees. What was not foreseen is the overwhelming rush by the local population—peasants and slum dwellers—for employment, their bewilderment, their obstreperous impatience with the benevolent technique applied to the hiring process, and the despair of those who have to be turned down. Not only do they pound the interviewer's table, brushing away the blanks to be filled out and demanding immediate work instead of papers, but they follow him out of his office, throw themselves under his car, and even, when they discover where he is living, literally camp in his back yard in order to find a chance to tell him their heart-rending need. Donnarumma, one of these "men at the gate," is arrested, and the narrator, with a sense of frustration, goes back to the north.

ALL THIS is told not heavy-handedly but in a day-by-day account that contains in brief the material for as many novels as there are glimpses of life stories. The place is not so very far away; there is more than one like it in the South where a Northern company hires hillbillies to work in a textile mill. Ottiero Ottieri is not a doctrinaire who set out to write a proletarian novel; he has, instead, given us a succinct and powerful picture of the still unfinished business of Italy's "economic miracle."

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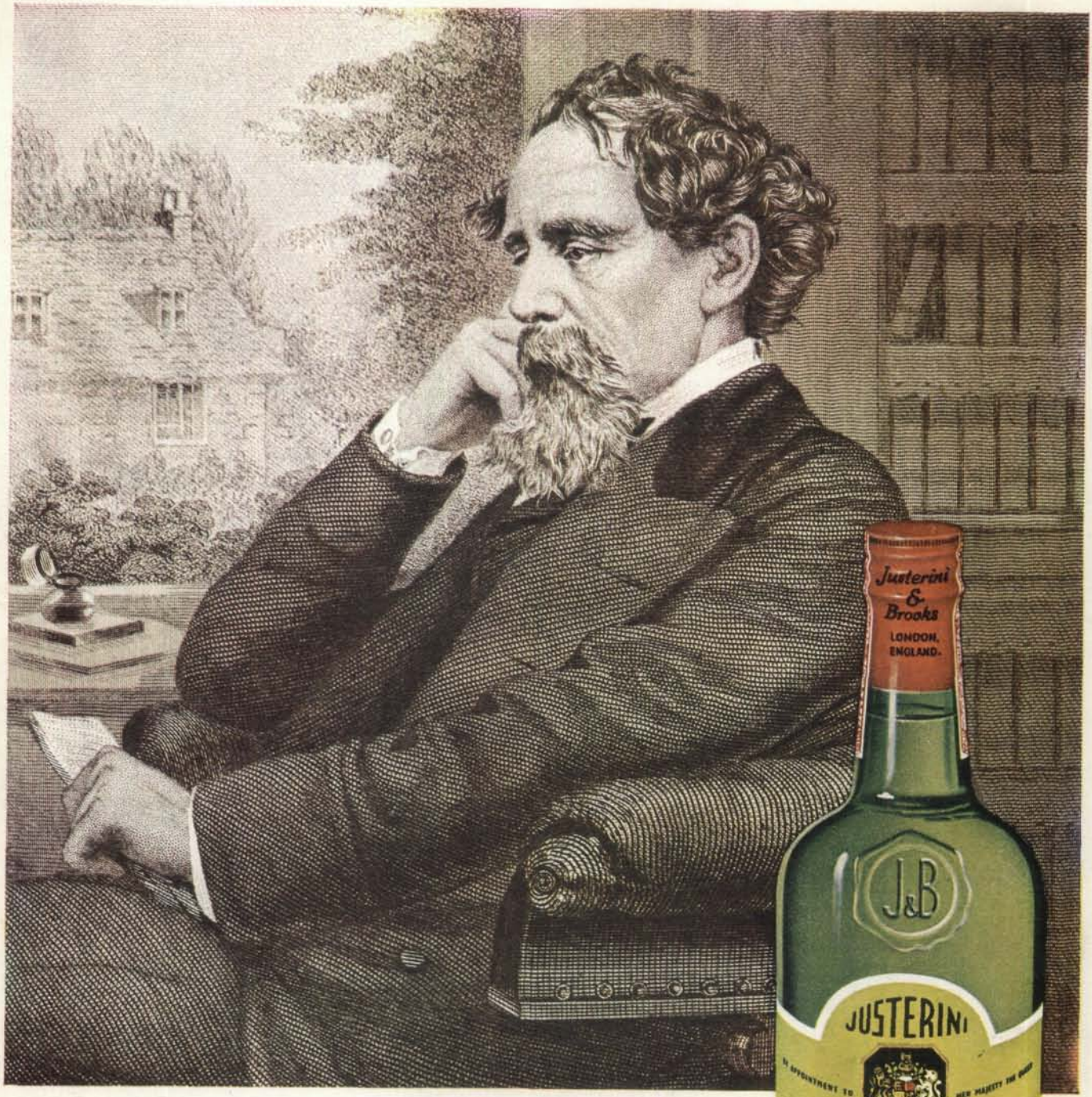

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